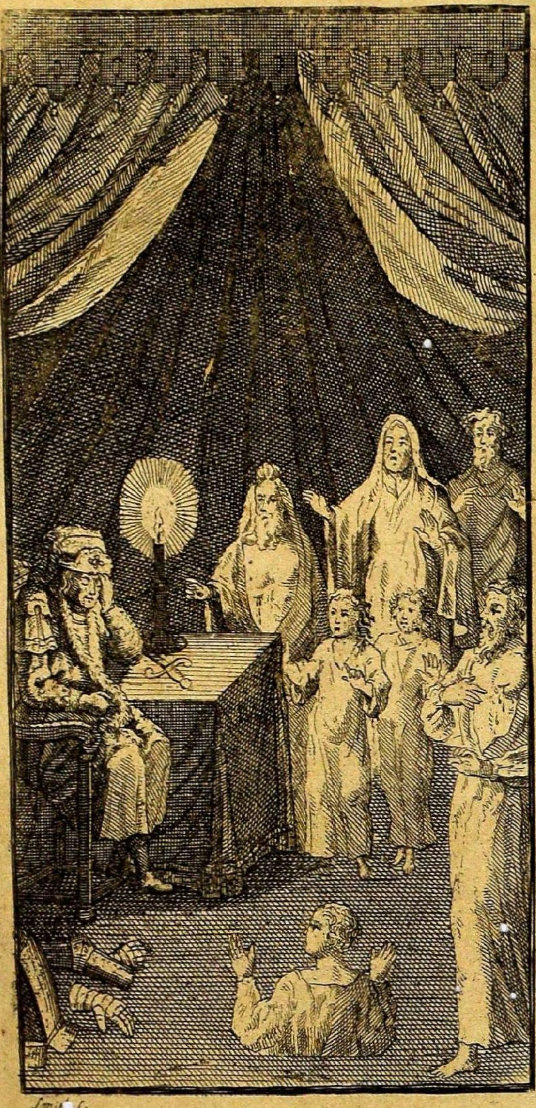

Smit Sc.

# THE LIFE and DEATH OF *RICHARD* III.

## A TRAGEDY.

With the Landing of the Earl of *RICHMOND*, AND THE BATTLE at BOSWORTH Field.

Being the Laſt between the Houſes of LANCASTER and YORK.

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By *SHAKESPEAR*.

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*LONDON*:

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MDCCXXXIV.

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Edward IV.
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* Edward V. } *Sons to* Edward IV.
Richard, *Duke of* York. } *Sons to* Edward IV.
George *Duke of* Clarence, *Brother to* Edward IV.
Richard, *Duke of* Glouceſter, *Brother to* Edward IV. *afterwards King* Richard III.
*Cardinal, Archbiſhop of* York.
*Duke of* Buckingham.
*Duke of* Norfolk.
*Earl of* Darby.
*Earl of* Surrey.
*Marquiſs of* Dorſet, *Son to the Queen.*
*Earl* Rivers, *Brother to the Queen.*
*Lord* Gray.
*Earl of* Richmond, *afterwards King* Henry VII.
*Biſhop of* Ely.
*Lord* Haſtings.
*Sir* Rd. Ratcliff, } *Friends to the Duke of* Glouceſter.
*Lord* Lovel, } *Friends to the Duke of* Glouceſter.
Catesby, } *Friends to the Duke of* Glouceſter.
*Sir* James Tyrrel, *a Villain.*
*Sir* William Stanley.
*Earl of* Oxford. } *Friends to the Earl of* Richmond.
Blunt, } *Friends to the Earl of* Richmond.
Herbert, } *Friends to the Earl of* Richmond.
*Sir* Wm. Brandon. } *Friends to the Earl of* Richmond.
Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
*Two Children of the Duke of* Clarence.
*Lord Mayor.*

*Queen of* Edward IV.
*Queen* Margaret, *Widow of* Henry VI.
Anne *Widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Son to* Henry VI; *afterwards married to the Duke of* Glouceſter.
*Dutcheſs of* York, *Mother to* Edward IV, Clarence *and* Richard III.

*Sheriff, Purſuevant, Citizens, Ghoſts of thoſe murder'd by* Richard III. *with Soldiers and other Attendants.*

The SCENE in ENGLAND.

# THE LIFE and DEATH OF *RICHARD* III, &c.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter* Richard *Duke of* Glo'ſter Solus.

NOW is the Winter of our Diſcontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of *York*:
And all the Clouds that lowr'd upon our Houſe,
In the deep Boſom of the Ocean bury'd.
Now are our Brows bound with Victorious Wreaths,
Our bruiſed Arms hung up for Monuments;
Our ſtern Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful Meaſures.
Grim viſag'd War hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled Front,
And now inſtead of mounting Barbed Seeds,



To

To fright the Souls of fearful Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive Tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glass,
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want Lov's Majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I, that am courtailed of this fair Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my Time
Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That Dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weak piping time of peace)
Have no Delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my Shadow in the Sun,
And descant on mine own Deformity,
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken Days,
I am determined to prove a Villain,
And hate the idle Pleasures of these Days.
Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, Libel, and Dreams,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This Day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up,
About a Prophesy, which says that *G*
Of *Edward*'s Heirs the Murtherer shall be.
Dive Thoughts down to my Soul, here *Clarence* comes.

*Enter* Clarence *guarded, and* Brakenbury.

Brother, good Day; what means this armed Guard
That waits upon your Grace?

*Cla.* His Majesty tendring my Persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct to convey me to th' *Tower*

*Glo.* Upon what Cause?

*Cla.* Because my Name is *George*,

*Glo.* Alack, my Lord, that Fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christen'd in the *Tower*.

But

But what's the mater, *Clarence*, may I know?
*Cla.* Yea *Richard*, when I know; but I protest
As yet I do not; but as I can learn,
He hearkens after Prophesies and Dreams,
And from the Cross row plucks the Letter *G*;
And says a Wizard told him, that by *G*,
His Issue disinherited should be.
And for my Name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his Thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like Toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.
*Glo.* Why this it is, when Men are rul'd by Women,
'Tis not the King that sends you to the *Tower*;
My Lady *Gray* his Wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not she, and that good Man of Worship,
*Anthony Woodvil* her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the *Tower*?
From whence this Day he is deliver'd,
We are not safe, *Clarence* we are not safe.
*Clar.* By Heaven, I think there is no Man secure,
But the Queen's Kindred, and Knight-walking Heralds,
That trudge between the King and Mistress *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Supplicant
Lord *Hastings* was for his Delivery?
*Glo.* Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his Liberty.
I'll tell you what, I think it is our Way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her Men, and wear her Livery:
The jealous o'erworn Widow, and herself,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our monarchy.
*Brak.* I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majesty hath straitly given in Charge,
That no Man shall have private Conference,
Of what Degree soever, with your Brother.
*Glo.* Even so, and please your Worship *Brakenbury*!
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no Treason, Man—we say the King
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble Queen
Well strook in Years, fair, and not jealous.

We say, that *Shore*'s Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing Tongue;
That the Queen's Kindred are made Gentle-folks.
How say you, Sir? Can you deny all this?
*Brak.* With this, my Lord, myself have nought to do.
*Glo.* Nought to do with Mistress *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth nought with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly alone.
*Brak.* What one, my Lord?
*Glo.* Her Husband, Knave—would'st thou betray me?
*Brak.* I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withal forbear
Your Conferences with the noble Duke.
*Cla.* We know thy Charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.
*Glo.* We are the Queen's Abjects, and must obey.
Brother farewel, I will unto the King,
And whatsoe'er you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edward*'s Widow, Sister,
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
*Clar.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
*Glo.* Well your Imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Mean time have patience.
*Clar.* I must perforce; farewel. [*Ex.* Brak. Clar.
*Glo.* Go tread the Path that thou shalt ne'er return:
Simple plain *Clarence*.—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soul to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our Hands.
But who comes here? the new delivered *Hastings*?

*Enter Lord* Hastings.

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
*Glo.* As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to this open Air,
How hath your Lordship brook'd Imprisonment?
*Hast.* With Patience, noble Lord, as Prisoners must:
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks
That were the Cause of my Imprisonment.
*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies are his,
And have prevailed as much on him as you.

*Hast.*

*Haſt.* More pity, that the Eagles ſhould be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at Liberty.

*Glo.* What News abroad?

*Haſt.* No News ſo bad abroad as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his Phyſicians fear him mightily.

*Glo.* Now by St. *John*, that News is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evil Diet long,
And over-much conſum'd his Royal Perſon:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his Bed?

*Haſt.* He is.

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Haſtings.

He cannot live, I hope, and muſt not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe up to Heav'n.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
Which lies well ſteel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
*Clarence* hath not another Day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his Mercy,
And leave the World for me to buſtle in.
For then, I'll marry *Warwick*'s youngeſt Daughter:
What tho' I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readieſt way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for Love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my Horſe to Market.
*Clarence* ſtill breaths, *Edward* ſtill lives and reigns,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my Gains.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter the Coarſe of* Henry *the Sixth, with Halberts to guard it,* Lady Anne *being the Mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, ſet down, your honourable load,
If Honour may be ſhrouded in a Herſe,
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaſter*.

Poor key-cold Figure of an holy King,
Pale Ashes of the House of *Lancaster*;
Thou boundless Remnant of that Royal Blood,
Be it lawful that I invocate thy Ghost,
To hear the Lamentations of poor *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughter'd Son,
Stab'd by the self same hand that made these Wounds.
Lo, in these Windows that set forth thy Life,
I pour the helpless Balm of my pour Eyes.
O cursed be the Hand that made these holes!
Cursed the Heart, that had the Heart to do it!
Cursed the Blood, that let the Blood from hence;
More direful hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes us wretched by the Death of thee,
Than can I wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives,
If ever he have Child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural Aspect,
May fright the hopeful Mother at the view:
And that be heir to his unhappiness.
If ever he have Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the Death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards *Chertsey* with your Holy Load,
Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henry's* Coarse.

*Enter* Richard *Duke of* Gloucester.

*Glo.* Stay, you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this Fiend,
To stop devoted charitable Deeds.

*Glo.* Villains set down the Coarse; or by St. *Paul*,
I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

*Gen.* my Lord, stand back, and let the Coffin pass.

*Glo.* Unmanner'd Dog,
Stand thou when I command:
Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breast,
Or by St. *Paul*, I'll strike thee to my Foot,
And spurn upon thee, Beggar, for thy boldness.

*Anne.* What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,

And mortal Eyes cannot endure the Devil.
Avant, thou dreadful Miniſter of Hell:
Thou hadſt but Power over his mortal Body,
His Soul thou canſt not have; therefore be gone.
*Glo.* Sweet Saint, for Charity be not ſo cruſt.
*Anne.* Foul Devil!
For God's ſake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou haſt made the happy Earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing Cries, and deep Exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous Deeds,
Behold this Pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh! Gentlemen! ſee deed *Henry*'s Wounds
Open'd their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul Deformity;
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this Blood
From cold and empty Veins, where no Blood dwells.
Thy Deed inhuman, and unnatural,
Provoke this Deluge moſt unnatural.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, revenge his Death!
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, revenge his Death!
Either Heaven with Lightning ſtrike the Murtherer [dead,
Or Earth gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good King's Blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd Arm hath butcher'd.
*Glo.* Lady, you know no rule of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
*Anne.* Villain, thou know'ſt not Law of God nor [Man;
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of Pity.
*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
*Anne.* O wonderful, when Devils tells the Truth!
*Glo.* More wonderful, when Angels are ſo angry;
Vouchſafe divine Perfection of a Woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes, to give me leave
By Circumſtances to acquit myſelf.
*Anne.* Vouchſafe, diffus'd infection of a Man,
Of theſe known Evils, but to give me leave
By Circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed ſelf.
*Glo.* Fairer than Tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leiſure to excuſe myſelf.

*Anne.* Fouler than Heart can think thee,
Thou canst make no Excuse that will be currant,
Unless thou hang thyself.
*Glo.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.
*Anne.* And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thyself;
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
*Glo.* Say, that I slew them not.
*Anne.* Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and devilish Slave by thee.
*Glo.* I did not kill your Husband.
*Anne.* Why then he is alive.
*Glo.* Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward*'s Hands.
*Anne.* In thy foul Throat thou ly'st,
Queen *Margaret* saw
Thy murd'rous Falchion smoaking in his Blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her Breast,
But that thy Brothers beat aside the Point.
*Glo.* I was provok'd by her sland'rous Tongue,
That laid her Guilt upon my guiltless Shoulders.
*Anne.* Thou wast provok'd by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on ought but Butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?
*Glo.* I grant ye.
*Anne.* Dost grant me, Hedge-hog,
Then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked Deed:
O he was gentle, mild and virtuous.
*Glo.* The better for the King of Heav'n that hath him.
*Anne.* He is in Heav'n, where thou shalt never come.
*Glo.* Let him thank me that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that Place than Earth.
*Anne.* And thou unfit for any Place but Hell.
*Glo.* Yes one Place else, if you will hear me name it.
*Anne.* Some Dungeon.
*Glo.* Your Bed-chamber.
*Anne.* I'll rest betide the Chamber where thou lyest.
*Glo.* So will it, Madam, 'till I lie with you.
*Anne.* I hope so.
*Glo.* I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our Wits,
And fall something into a slower method.

Is not the Causer of the timeless Deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the Executioner?

*Anne*. Thou wast the Cause, and most accurst Effect:

*Glo*. Your Beauty was the Cause of that Effect:
Your Beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one Hour in your sweet Bosom.

*Anne*. If I thought that, I tell thee, Homicide,
These Nails should rend that Beauty from my Cheeks.

*Glo*. These Eyes could not endure that Beauties wrack
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the World is chear'd by the Sun,
So I by that; it is my Day, my Life.

*Anne*. Black night o'er-shade thy Day, and Death thy [Life.

*Glo*. Curse not thyself, fair Creature,
Thou art both.

*Anne*. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

*Glo*. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*Anne*. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband,

*Glo*. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy Husband,
Did it to help thee to a better Husband.

*Anne*. His better doth not breath upon the Earth.

*Glo*. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

*Anne*. Name him.

*Glo*. *Plantagenet*.

*Anne*. Why that was he.

*Glo*. The self-same Name, but one of better Nature.

*Anne*. Where is he?

*Glo*. Here: [*She Spits at him*.
Why dost thou spit at me?

*Anne*. Would it were mortal Poison for thy sake.

*Glo*. Never came Poison from so sweet a Place.

*Anne*. Never hung Poison on a fouler Toad.
Out of my Sight, thou dost infect mine Eyes.

*Glo*. Thine Eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

*Anne*. Would they were Basilisks to strike thee dead:

*Glo*. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living Death.
Those Eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt Tears.

Sham'd

Sham'd their Aſpects with Store of childiſh Drops:
Theſe Eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful Tear,
No, when my Father *York* and *Edward* wept,
To hear the piteous Moan that *Rutland* made,
When black fac'd *Clifford* ſhook his Sword at him,
Nor when thy warlike Father, like a Child,
Told the ſad Story of my Father's Death,
And twenty times made Pauſe to ſob and weep,
That all the *S*tanders by had wet their Cheeks,
Like Trees be daſh'd with Rain: In that ſad time,
My manly Eyes did ſcorn an humble Tear:
And what theſe Sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blind with Weeping.
I never ſued to Friend, nor Enemy;
My Tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing Words;
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud Heart ſues, and prompts my Tongue to ſpeak.
[*She looks ſcornfully at him*
Teach not thy Lip ſuch Scorn, for it was made
For Kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch Contempt.
If thy revengeful Heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed Sword,
Which, if thou pleaſe to hide in this true Breaſt,
And let the Soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the Death upon my Knee.
[*He lays his Breaſt open, ſhe offers at it with his Sword.*
Nay, do not pauſe, for I did kill King *Henry*;
But 'twas thy Beauty that provok'd me.
Nay, now diſpatch. 'Twas I that ſtabb'd young *Edward*,
But 'twas thy heavenly Face that ſet me on.
[*She falls tho Sword*,
Take up the Sword again, or take up me.
*Anne*. Ariſe, Diſſembler, though I wiſh thy Death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
*Glo*. Then bid me kill thy ſelf and I will do it.
*Anne*. I have already.
*Glo*. That was in thy Rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy Word,
This Hand, which for thy Love, did kill thy Love,
Shall for thy Love, kill a far truer Love;
To both their Deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.

*Anne.* I would I knew thy Heart.

*Glo.* 'Tis figured in my Tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me, both are false.

*Glo.* Then never Man was true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your Sword.

*Glo.* Say then, my Peace is made.

*Anne.* That shalt thou know hereafter.

*Glo.* But shall I live in hope?

*Anne.* All Men I hope live so.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to wear this Ring.
Look how my Ring encompasseth thy Finger,
Even so thy Breast incloseth my poor Heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted Servant may
But beg one Favour at thy gracious Hand,
Thou dost confirm this happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it may please you leave these said Designs
To him that hath most Cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repair to *Crosby* House;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At *Chertsey* Monst'ry this noble King,
And wet his Grave with my repentant Tears,
I will with all expedient Duty see you.
For divers unknown Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.

*Anne.* With all my Heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
*Trassel* and *Barkley* go along with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewel.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewel already. [*Ex. two with* Anne.

*Gen.* Towards *Chertsey*, noble Lord?

*Glo.* Now to *White-Friars*, there attend my coming.
[*Exit. Coarse.*

Was ever Woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever Woman in this Humour won?
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.
What! I have kill'd her Husband and his Father!
To take her in her Heart's extreamest hate,

With Curses in her Mouth, Tears in her Eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by.
Having God, her Conscience, and these Bars against me,
And no Friends to back my Suit withal,
But the plain Devil and dissembling Looks:
And yet to win her,—All the World to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
*Edward*, her Lord, whom I some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury?*
A sweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the Prodigality of Nature,
Young, Valiant, Wise, and no doubt, right Royal,
The spacious World cannot again afford,
And will she thus abase her Eyes on me,
That cropt the golden Prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widow to her woful Bed?
On me, whose all not equals *Edward*'s moiety?
On me that halt, and am mis-shapen thus,
My Dukedom to a beggarly Demer,
I do mistake my Person all this while:
Upon my Life she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a Looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of Taylors,
To study Fashions to adorn my Body:
Since I am crept in favour of my self,
I will maintain it with some little Cost.
But first I'll turn yon Fellow in his Grave,
And then return lamenting to my Love.
Shine out, fair Sun, 'till I have brought a Glass,
That I may see my Shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter the Queen, Lord* Rivers, *and Lord* Gray.

*Riv.* Have patience Madam, there is no doubt his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed Health.
*Gray.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for God's sake entertain good comfort,
And chear his Grace with quick and merry Eyes.
*Queen.* If he were dead, what would betide on me?

*Gray.*

*Gray*. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a Lord.
*Queen*. The loſs of ſuch a Lord includes all harms.
*Gray*. The heavens have bleſt you with a goodly Son
To be your Comforter when he is gone.
*Queen*. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put into the Truſt of *Richard Glo'ſter*,
A Man that loves not me, nor none of you.
*Riv*. Is it concluded, he ſhall be Protector?
*Queen*. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

*Enter* Buckingham *and* Derby.

*Gray*. Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Derby*.
*Buck*. Good time of Day unto your Royal Grace.
*Derby*. God make your Majeſty joyful, as you have been.
*Queen*. The Counteſs *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Derby*.
To your good Prayer will ſcarcely ſay, Amen;
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhe's your Wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud Arrogance.
*Derby*. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious ſlanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true Report,
Bear with her weakneſs, which I think proceeds
From wayward Sickneſs, and no grounded malice.
*Queen*. Saw you the King to day, my Lord of *Derby*.
*Der*. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from viſiting his Majeſty.
*Queen*. What likelihood of his Amendment, Lords?
*Buck*. Madam, good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.
*Queen*. God grant him health; did you confer with him?
*Buck*. Ay, Madam, he deſires to make Attonement,
Between the Duke of *Glo'ſter* and your Brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And ſent to warn them to his Royal Preſence.
*Queen*. Would all were well—but that will never be—
I fear our happineſs is at the height.

*Enter* Glouceſter.

*Glo*. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complains unto the King,
That I, forſooth am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,

That fills his Ears with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in Men's Faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with *French* Nods, and apiſh Courteſy,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plain Man live and think no harm;
But thus his ſimple Truth muſt be abus'd
With ſilken, ſly, inſinuating Jacks?

*Gray*. To whom in all this Preſence ſpeaks your Grace?

*Glo*. To thee, that haſt nor Honeſty nor Grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A Plague upon you all. His Royal Grace,
Whom God preſerve, better than you would wiſh,
Cannot be quite ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with leud Complaints.

*Queen*. Brother of *Gloſter*, you miſtake the matter:
The King on his own Royal Diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any Suitor elſe,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward Action ſhews itſelf
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and myſelf,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground.

*Glo*. I cannot tell the World is grown ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch
Since every Jack became a Gentleman,
Ther's many a gentle Perſon made a Jack. [*Gloſter*.

*Queen*. Come, come, we know your meaning, Brother
You envy my Advancement and my Friends,
God grant we never may have need of you.

*Glo*. Mean time God grants that I have need of you,
Our Brother is impriſon'd by your Means,
Myſelf diſgrac'd, and the Nobility
Held in Contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily given to enable thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two Days ſince, were worth a Noble.

*Queen*. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hay which I enjoy'd,
I never did incenſe his Majeſty.
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*, but have been
An earneſt Advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhameful Injury.

Falſely

Falsly to draw me in these vile Suspects.

*Gla.* You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord *Hastings* late Imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my Lord, for —

*Glo.* She may, Lord *Rivers*, why who knows not so?
She may do more, *Sir*, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair Preferments,
And then deny her aiding Hand therein,
And lay those Honours on your desert,
What may she not? she may — ay marry may she —

*Riv.* What marry may she?

*Glo.* What marry may she? marry with a King,
A Batchelor, and a handsome Stripling too:
I wis your Grandam has a worser Match.

*Queen.* My Lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long born
Your blunt Upbraidings, and your bitter Scoffs.
By Heav'n I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts. that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Country Servant Maid
Than a great Queen with this Condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at;
Small Joy have I in being *England's* Queen.

*Enter Queen* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God I beseech [him:
Thy Honour, State, and Seat, is due to me.

*Glo.* What! threat you me with telling of the King?
I will avouch't in presence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th' *Tower*.
'Tis time to speak,
My Pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* Out Devil!
I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my Husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor Son at *Tewksbury*.

*Glo.* Ere you were Queen,
Ay or your Husband King,
I was a Pack-Horse in his great Affairs;
A Weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberal Rewarder of his Friends;
To Royalize his Blood I spent mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, and much better Blood
Than his or thine.

*Glo.* In all which time, you and your Husband *Gray*
Were factious for the House of *Lancaster*;
And *Rivers*, so were you; was not your Husband,
In *Margaret*'s Battle, at St. *Albans* slain?
Let me put in your Minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are,
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
*Q. Mar.* A murth'rous Villain, and so still thou art.
*Glo.* Poor *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forswore himself, which Jesu pardon—
*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge.
*Glo.* To fight on *Edward*'s party for the Crown,
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mewed up:
I would to God my Heart were flint, like *Edward*'s,
Or *Edward*'s soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this World.
*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to Hell for shame, and leave this World,
Thou Cacodæmon, there thy Kingdom is.
*Riv.* My Lord of *Glo'ster*, in those busy Days,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Sovereign King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.
*Glo.* If I should be! I had rather be a Pedlar;
Far be it from my Heart, the thought thereof.
*Queen.* As little Joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this Country's King,
As little Joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
*Q. Mar.* A little Joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that I am Queen, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villain do not turn away?
*Glo.* Foul wrinkled Witch, what mak'st thou in my Sight.
*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let the go.
*Glo.* Wer't thou not banished on pain of Death?
*Q. Mar.* I was, but I do find more pain in Banishment
Than Death can yield me here by my abode.

A Husband and a Son thou ow'st to me. [*To Glo.*
And thou a Kingdom, all of you Allegiance; [*To the Qu.*
This Sorrow that I have by Right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glo.* The Curse my noble Father laid on thee,
When thou dost crown his warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy Scorns drew'st Rivers from his Eyes,
Add then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clout,
Steep'd in the faultless Blood of pretty *Rutland*;
His Curses, then from bitterness of Soul
Denounc'd again thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, have plagu'd thy bloody Deed.

*Q. Mar.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O, 'twas the foulest Deed to slay that Babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

*Dorf.* No Man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buk.* *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the Throat.
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York*'s dread Curse prevail so much with Heav'n,
That *Henry*'s Death, my lovely *Edward*'s Death,
Their Kingdom's Loss, my woful Banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish Brat?
Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heav'n?
Why then give way, dull Clouds, to my quick Curses.
Though not by War, by Surfeit die your King,
As ours by Murther to make him a King.
*Edward* thy Son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* our Son, that was Prince of *Wales*,
Die in his Youth, by like untimely Violence.
Thyself a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy Glory, like my wretched self:
Long may'st thou live to wail thy Children's Death;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.
Long die thy happy Days, before thy Death,
And after many lengthened hours of Grief,
Die, neither Mother, Wife, nor *England*'s Queen.
*Rivers* and *Dorset*, you were Standers by,

And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Son
Was stabb'd with bloody Daggers; God, I prey him,
That none of you may live his natural Age,
But be by some unlook'd for Accident cut off.

*Glo.* Have done thy Charm, thou hateful wither'd Hag.

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee! Stay Dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If Heav'ns have any grievous Plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them keep it till thy Sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their Indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor World's peace,
The Worm of Conscience still be-gnaw thy Soul,
Thy Friends suspect for Traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep Traitors for thy dearest Friends:
No sleep close up that deadly Eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting Dream
Affright thee with a Hell of ugly Devils.
Thou elvish-markt, abortive rooting Hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativity
The Slave of Nature and the Son of Hell:
Thou slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb,
Thou loathed Issue of thy Father's Loins,
Thou Rag of Honour, thou detested———

*Glo.* *Margaret.*

*Q. Mar.* *Richard.*

*Glo.* Ha!

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* I cry thee Mercy then; for I did think
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter Names.

*Q. Mar.* Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse,

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*

*Queen.* Thus have you breath'd your Curse against your self.

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my Fortune,
Why strewst thou Sugar on that bottel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, Fool, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy self:
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To help thee curse this poysonous Bunch-back'd Toad.

*Hest.* False boading Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our Patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine,

*Ri*. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your Duty.
*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me Duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:
O serve me well, and teach yourselves that Duty,
*Dors.* Dispute not with her, she is Lunatick,
*Q. Mar.* Peace, Master Marquiss, you are malapert,
Your fire-new Stamp of Honour is scarce currant.
O that your young Nobility can judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
*Glo.* Good Council, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquiss.
*Dors.* It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.
*Glo.* Ay, and much more; but I was born so high;
Our Airy buildeth in the Cedar's top
And dallies with the Wind, and scorns the Sun.
*Q. Mar.* And turns the Sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my Son now in the shade of Death,
Whose bright out-shining beams, thy cloudy Wrath
Hath in eternal Darkness folded up,
Your airy building in our airies Nest;
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it,
As it is won with Blood, lost be it so.
*Buck.* Peace, peace for shame, if not for Charity.
*Q. Mar.* Urge neither Charity nor Shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My Charity is Outrage, Life my Shame,
And in that Shame, still live my Sorrow's rage.
*Buck.* Have done, have done.
*Q. Mar.* O Princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiss thy Hand,
In sign of League and Amity with thee.
Now fair befal thee and thy noble House:
Thy Garments are not spotted with our Blood;
Nor thou within the Compass of my Curse.
*Buck.* Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The Lips of those that breathe them in the Air.
*Q. Mar.* I will not think but they ascend the Sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping Peace.
O *Buckingham*, take care of yonder Dog;
Look when he fawns he bites; and when he bites,
His venom Tooth will rankle to the Death;

Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, Death, and Hell have ſet their Marks on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on his.
*Glo.* What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of *Buckingham*?
*Buck.* Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious Lord.
*Q. Mar.* What doſt thou ſcorn me for my gentle [Counſel?
And ſooth the Devil that I warn thee from?
O but remember this another Day;
When he ſhall ſplit thy very Heart with Sorrow;
And ſay poor *Margaret* was a Propheteſs,
Live each of you the Subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's. [*Exit.*
*Buck.* My Hair doth ſtand an end to hear her Curſes.
*Riv.* And ſo doth mine: I muſe why ſhe's at Liberty.
*Glo.* I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My Part thereof that I have done to her.
*Dorſ.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.
*Glo.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do ſome Body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry, as for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his Pains,
God pardon them that are the cauſe thereof.
*Riv.* A virtuous and a Chriſtian like Concluſion,
To pray for them that have done ſcathe to us.
*Glo.* So do I ever, being well adviſ'd. [*Aſide.*
For had I curſt now, I had curſt myſelf.

*Enter* Catesby.

*Cateſ.* Madam, his Majeſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours, my gracious Lord.
*Queen.* *Catesby*, I come; Lords, will you go with me?
*Riv.* We wait upon your Grace.
[*Exeunt all but* Glouceſter.
*Glo.* I do thee wrong, and firſt begin to brawl,
The ſecret miſchief that I ſet a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous Charge of others.
*Clarence*, whom I indeed have caſt in Darkneſs,
I do beweep to many ſimple Gulls,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*.
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her Allies
That ſtir the King againſt the Duke my Brother.

Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Gray*.
But then I ſigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloath my naked Villany
With odd old Ends, ſtoln forth of Holy Writ,
And ſeem a *Saint*, when moſt I play the *Devil*.

*Enter two Villains.*

But ſoft, here come my Executioners;
How now my hardy ſtout reſolved Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?

1 *Vil.* We are, my Lord, and come to have the Warrant
That we may be admitted, where he is.

*Glo.* Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby* Place.
But, Sirs, be ſudden in the Execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-ſpoken, and, perhaps,
May move your Hearts to pity, if you mark him.

*Vil.* Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be aſſur'd,
We go to uſe our Hands, and not our Tongues.

*Glo.* Your Eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fools Eyes [fall Tears.
I like you Lads, about your Buſineſs ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.

*Vil.* We will, my noble Lord. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* Clarence *and Keeper.*

*Keep.* Why looks your Grace ſo heavily to day?

*Cla.* O I have paſt a miſerable Night,
So full of fearful Dreams of ugly Sights,
That, as I am a Chriſtian faithful Man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a Night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy Days:
So full of diſmal Terror was the time.

*Keep.* What was your Dream, my Lord I pray you [tell me.

*Cla.* Me thoughts that I had broken from the *Tower*.
And was embark'd to croſs to *Burgundy*.
And in my Company my Brother *Glo'ſter*.

Who

I will not Reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs from the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleep, and there the Keys.
I'll to the King, and ſignify to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a Point of Wiſdom: Fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?

1 *Vil.* No, he'll ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* Why he ſhall never wake, untill the great Judgment Day.

1 *Vil.* Why then he'll ſay we ſtabb'd him ſleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that Word Judgment, hath bred a kind of Remorſe in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a Warrant.
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I thought thou had'ſt been reſolute.

2 *Vil.* So I am to let him live.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ſter* and tell him ſo.

2 *Vil.* Nay, prithee ſtay a little:
I hope this paſſionate Humour of mine will change;
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Vil.* How doſt thou feel thy ſelf now?

2 *Vil.* Some certain dregs of Conſcience are yet within me,

1 *Vil.* Remember the Reward, when the Deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy Conſcience now?

2 *Vil.* O in the Duke of *Glou'ſter*'s Purſe.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his Purſe to give us our Reward, thy Conſcience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will [entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a Man cannot ſwear but it checks him; a Man cannot lie with his Neighbour's Wife, but it detects him 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-fac'd Spirit, that Mutinies in a Man's Boſom: It fills a Man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a Purſe of Gold, that, by Chance, I found. It beggars any

Man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of Towns and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every Man that means to live well, endeavours to trust himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my Elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the Devil in thy mind and believe him not: He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall Man, that respects thy Reputation. Come shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him on the Costard, with the hilt of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmsie-butt in the next Room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent Device, and make a Stop of him;

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes.

2 *Vil.* Strike.

1 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

*Cla.* Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a Cup of Wine,

2 *Vil.* You shall have Wine enough, my Lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's Name what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A Man, as you are.

*Clar.* But not as I am, Royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you as we are, Loyal.

*Clar.* Thy Voice is thunder, but thy Looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My Voice is now the King's, my Looks mine own,

*Clar.* How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak?
Your Eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

2 *Vil.* To, to, to-——

*Clar.* To Murther me?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* You scarcely have the Heart to tell me so?
And therefore cannot have the Hearts to do it.
Wherein, my Friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

*Clar.* I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never my Lord, therefore prepare to die.

*Clar* Are you drawn forth among a World of Men,
To slay the innocent? What's my Offence?
Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful Quest have given their Verdict up
Unto the frowning Judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter Sentence of poor *Clarence* Death?
Before I be convict by course of Law,
To threaten me with Death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,
That you depart, and lay no Hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our King.

*Clar.* Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,
That thou shalt do no Murther; will you then
Spurn at his Edict, and fulfil a Man's?
Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his Hand
To hurl upon their Heads that break his Law.

2 *Vil.* And that same Vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false swearing, and for Murther too:
Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the House of *Lancaster*.

1 *Vil.* And like a Traitor to the Name of God,
Didst break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the Bowels of thy Sovereign's Son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful Law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murther me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publickly,
Take not the quarrel from his powerful Arm:
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody Minister,
When gallant springing brave *Plantagenet*,
That princely Novice, was struck dead by thee?

*Clar.* My Brother's Love, the Devil and my Rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy Brother's Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* If you do love my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my Brother *Glo'ster*:
Who shall reward you better for my Life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my Death,
2 *Vil.* You are deceived, your Brother *Glo'ster* hates you.
*Clar.* Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
1 *Vil.* Ay, so we will.
*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely Father *York*,
Blest his three Sons with his Victorious Arm,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid *Glo'ster* think on this, and he will weep.
1 *Vil.* Ay, Millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep,
*Clar.* O do not slander him, for he is kind.
1 *Vil.* Right, as Snow in Harvest:
Come, you deceive your self,
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
*Clar.* It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his Arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my Delivery.
1 *Vil.* Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this Earth's thraldom, to the Joys of Heav'n.
2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord,
*Clar.* Have you that holy feeling in your Souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own Souls so blind,
That you will War with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2 *Vil.* What shall we do?
*Clar.* Relent, and save your Souls:
Which of you, if you were a Prince's Son,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such Murtherers as your selves came to you,
Wou'd not intreat for Life, as you would beg
Were you in my distress.
1 *Vil.* Relent? no; 'tis cowardly and womanish.
*Clar.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My Friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine Eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?
2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
(*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the Malmsey-Butt within. [*Ex.*
2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my Hands
Of this most grievous Murther.

*Enter first Villain.*

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not?
By Heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've been.
2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his Brother:
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. (*Exit.*
1 *Vil.* So do not I; go Coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the Body in some hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his Burial:
And when I have my Meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. (*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Flourish. Enter King* Edward *sick, the Queen,* Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, *and* Woodvil.

K. *Ed.* WHY so now have I done a good days work.
You Peers continue this united League:
I every Day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence.
And more in peace my Soul shall part to Heav'n,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on Earth;
*Hastings* and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your Hatred, swear your Love.
*Riv.* By Heav'n, my *Soul* is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my Hand I seal my true Heart's Love.
*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.
K. *Ed.* Take heed you dally not before the King,
Lest he that is the supream King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect Love,
*Riv.* And I, as I love *Hastings* with my Heart.

*K. Ed.* Madam, yourself is not exempt from this,
Nor you Son *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you:
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your Hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Queen.* There *Hastings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

*K. Ed.* Dorset, embrace him: *Hastings*, love Lord Marquiss.

*Dor.* This interchange of Love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I.

*K. Ed.* Now Princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this League
With thy Embracements to my Wife's Allies,
And make me happy in your Unity.

*Buc.* Whenever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous Love, [*To the* Qu.
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love;
When I have most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me; this do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you or yours.

*Embracing* Rivers, &c.

*K. Ed.* A pleasing Cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow unto my sickly Heart.
There wanteth now our Brother *Gl'ster* here,
To make the blessed Period of this Peace.

*Buc.* And in good time,
Here comes Sir *Richard Ratcliff* and the Duke.

*Enter* Ratcliff *and* Glo'ster.

*Glo.* Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen,
And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

*K. Ed.* Happy indeed, as we have spent the Day:
*Glo'ster*, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made Peace of Enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong incensed Peers.

*Glo.* A blessed Labour, my most sovereign Lord:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By false Intelligence, or wrong Surmise
Hold me a Foe: If I unwillingly, or in my Rage,

Have ought committed that is hardly born,
To any in this Presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly Peace:
'Tis Death to me to be at Enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good Mens love.
First, Madam, I intreat true Peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous Service.
Of you my noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
Of you, and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert have frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvil*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
With whom my Soul is any jot at odds,
More than the Infant that is born to Night;
I thank my God for my Humility.

*Queen.* A Holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

*Glo.* Why, Madam, have I offer'd Love for this,
To be so flouted in this Royal Presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him Injury to scorn his Coarse.

*K. Ed.* Who knows not he is dead!
Who knows he is?

*Queen.* All-seeing Heav'n what a World is this?

*Buck.* Look I so pale, Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

*Dors.* Ay, my good Lord; and no Man in the presence
But his red Colour hath forsook his Cheeks.

*K. Ed.* Is *Clarence* dead! the Order was revers'd.

*Glo.* But he, poor Man, by your first Order died,
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:
Some tardy Cripple bear the Countermand,
That came to lag to see him buried.
God grant, that some less Noble, and less Loyal,
Nearer in bloody Thoughts, and not in Blood,
Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

*Enter Earl of* Derby.

*Der.* A boon, my Sovereign, for my Service done,

*K. Ed.* I prithee peace, my Soul is full of Sorrow.

*Der.* I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

*K. Ed.* Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

*Der.* The forfeit, Sovereign, of my Servant's Life,
Who slew to day a riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

*K. Ed.* Have I a Tongue to doom my Brother's Death;
And shall that Tongue give pardon to a Slave?
My Brother kill'd no Man, his Fault was Thought,
And yet his Punishment was bitter Death.
Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my Feet; and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of Brotherhood? who spoke in Love?
Who told me, how the poor Soul did forsake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me!
Who told me in the Field at *Tewksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he rescued me?
And said, dear Brother live and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold Night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a Man of you
Had so much Grace to put it in my Mind.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vassals
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your Knees for Pardon, Pardon,
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you,
But for my Brother, not a Man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, spake unto myself
For him poor Soul. The proudest of you all,
Have been beholding to him in his Life:
Yet none of you, would once beg for his Life.
O God! I fear thy Justice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* help me to my Closet.
Ah poor *Clarence*! [*Ex. some with the King and Queen.*

*Glo.* This is the Fruits of Rashness: Mark'd you not,

How that the kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence'* Death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King,
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
To comfort *Edward* with your Comprny?
*Buck.* We wait upon your Grace. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter the Dutcheſs of* York, *with the two Children of* Clarence.

*Son.* Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?
*Dutch.* No, Boy.
*Daugh.* Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your Breaſt?
And cry O *Clarence*! my unhappy Son!
*Son.* Why do you look on us, and ſhake your Head,
And call us Orphans, Wretches, Caſtaways,
If that our noble Father were alive?
*Dutch.* My pretty Couſins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the Sickneſs of the King,
As loth to loſe him not your Father's Death:
It were loſt Sorrow to wail one that's loſt.
*Son.* Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead:
The King mine Uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt Prayers, all to that effect.
*Daugh.* And ſo will I.
*Dutch.* Peace, Children, peace; the King doth love [you well.
Incapable and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot gueſs who caus'd your Father's Death.
*Son.* Grandam, we can; for my good Uncle *Glo'ſter*
Told me, the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
Devis'd Impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my Uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiſs'd my Cheek;
Bad me rely on him as on my Father,
And he would love me dearly as a Child.
*Dutch.* Ah! that Deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle Shape,
And with a virtuous Vizard hide deep Vice.
He is my Son, ay, and therein my Shame,
Yet from my Dugs he drew not this Deceit.

*Son.* Think you my Uncle did dissemble, Grandam?
*Dutch.* Ah, Boy.
*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark, what Noise is this?

*Enter the Queen with her Hair about her Ears,* Rivers *and* Dorset *after her.*

*Queen.* Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my Fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black Despair against my Soul.
And to myself become an Enemy ———
*Dutch.* What means this Scene of rude Impatience?
*Queen.* To make an act of Tragick Violence.
*Edward*, my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Root is gone?
Why wither not the Leaves that want their Sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged Souls may catch the King's,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new Kingdom of ne'er changing Night.
*Dutch.* Ah, so much Interest have I in thy Sorrow,
As I had Title to thy Noble Husband;
I have bewept a worthy Husband's Death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images;
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant Death,
And I for comfort have but one false Glass,
That grieves me when I see my Shame in him.
Thou art a Widow, yet thou art a Mother,
And hast the comfort of thy Children left;
But Death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Arms,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble Hands,
*Clarence* and *Edward*. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a Moiety of my mourn)
To over-go thy Woes, and drown thy Cries.
*Son.* Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Father's Death;
How can we aid you with our Kindred Tears?
*Daugh.* Our Fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
You Widow dolour likewise be unwept.
*Queen.* Give me no help in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth Complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine Eyes,
That I being govern'd by the watry Moon,
May send forth plenteous Tears to drown the World.

Ah for my Husband — for my dear Lord *Edward* —
*Chil.* Ah for our Father, for our dear Lord *Clarence.*
*Dutch.* Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence.*
*Queen.* What ſtay had I but *Edward?* and he's gone.
*Chil.* What ſtay had we but *Clarence?* and he's gone.
*Dutch.* What ſtays had I but they? and they are gone.
*Queen.* Was never Widow had ſo dear a Loſs.
*Chil.* Were never Orphans had ſo dear a Loſs.
*Dutch.* Was never Mother had ſo dear a Loſs.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Griefs,
Their Woes are parcell'd, mine is general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, ſo doth not ſhe;
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weep, ſo do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt
Pour all your Tears, I am your Sorrows Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.
*Dor.* Comfort, dear Mother, God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with Unthankfulneſs his doing.
In common worldly thing 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingneſs to repay a Debt,
Which with a bounteous Hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opp ſite with Heav'n,
For it requires the Royal Debt it lent you.
*Riv.* Madam, bethink you like a careful Mother
Of the young Prince your Son, ſent ſtraight for him,
Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives,
Drown deſperate Sorrow in dead *Edward*'s Grave,
And plant your Joys in living *Edward*'s Throne.
*Enter* Glocester, Buckingham, Derby, Haſtings, *and* Ratcliff.
*Glo.* Siſter, have comfort, all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining Star:
But none can help our Harms by wailing them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you Mercy,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my Knee
I crave your Bleſſing.
*Dutch.* God bleſs thee, and put Meekneſs in thy Breaſt,
Love, Charity, Obedience, and true Duty.
*Glo.* Amen, and make me die a good old Man,
That is the butt end of a Mother's Bleſſing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

*Buck.* You cloudy Princes, and heart-ſorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of Moan,
Now chear each other in each others Love;
Though we have ſpent our harveſt of this King,
We are to reap the Harveſt of his Son.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwoln hates,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſht, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be ſet,
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.
*Riv.* Why with ſome little Train,
My Lord of *Buckingham*?
*Buck.* Marry, my Lord, leſt, by a Multitude,
The new heal'd wound of Malice ſhould break out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the Eſtate is green, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horſe bears his commanding Rein,
And may direct his Courſe as pleaſe himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my Opinion, ought to be prevented.
*Glo.* I hope the King made Peace with all of us,
And the Compact is firm and true in me.
*Riv.* And ſo in me, and ſo, I think, in all,
Yet ſince it is but green it ſhould be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much Company might be urg'd;
Therefore I ſay, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.
*Haſt.* And ſo ſay I.
*Glo.* Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſt to *London*.
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go,
To give your Cenſures in this Buſineſs? [*Exeunt.*
*Manent* Buckingham *and* Glocester.
*Buck.* My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's ſake let not us two ſtay at home;
For by the way, I'll ſort occaſion,
As Index to the Story we lately talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud Kindred from the Prince.
*Glo.* My other ſelf, my Counſel's Conſiſtory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Couſin,

, as a Child, will go by thy direction.
Toward *London* then, for we'll not ſtay behind. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter one Citizen at one Door, and another at the other.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, Neighbour, whither away ſo faſt?

2 *Cit.* I promiſe you I hardly know myſelf:
Hear you the News abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill News by'r Lady, ſeldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy World.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, Good ſpeed.

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the News hold of good K. *Edward's* Death?

2 *Cit.* Ay Sir, it is true: God help the while.

3 *Cit.* Then Maſters look to ſee a troublous World.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good Grace, his Son ſhall Reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that Land that's govern'd by a Child.

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of Government:
Which in his Non-age, Counſel under him,
And in his full and ripened Years, himſelf
No doubt ſhall then, and 'till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So ſtood the State when *Henry* the *Sixth*
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine Months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the State ſo? No, no, good Friends, God (wot;
For then this Land was famouſly enrich'd
With politick grave Counſel; then the King
Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace. (ther.

1 *Cit.* Why ſo hath this, both by his Father and Mo-

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his Father;
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For Emulation, who ſhall now be neareſt,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of *Gloceſter*,
And the Queen's Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not rule,
This ſickly Land might ſolace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worſt, all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When Clouds are ſeen, wiſe Men put on their
When great Leaves fall, then Winter is at hand; (Cloaks;
When

When the Sun sets, who doth not look for Night?
Untimely Storms make Men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
*2 Cit.* Truly the Hearts of Men are full of fear:
You cannot reason, almost, with a Man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
*3 Cit.* Before the days of Change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct Mens Minds mistrust
Pursuing Danger; as by proof we see
The Water swell before a boist'rous Storm;
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
*2 Cit.* Marry we were sent for to the Justices.
*3 Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you Company. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Archbishop of* York, *the young Duke of* York, *the Queen, and the Duchess.*

*Arch.* Last Night I heard they lay at *Stony Stratford*,
And at *Northampton* they do rest to Night:
To morrow or next day they will be here.
*Dutch.* I long with all my Heart to see the Prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
*Queen.* But I hear no, they say my Son of *York*
Has almost overtaken him in his growth.
*York.* Ay, Mother, but I would not have it so.
*Dutch.* Why, my good Cousin, it is good to grow.
*York.* Grandam, one Night as we did sit at Supper,
My Uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my Brother. Ay, quoth my Uncle *Glo'ster*,
Small Herbs have Grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowers are slow, and Weeds make hast.
*Dutch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if his Rule were true, he should be gracious.
*York.* And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
*Dutch.* I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

*York.*

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been remembred,
I could have given my Uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Dutch.* How my young *York.*

*York.* Marry, they say, my Uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a Crust at two Hours old;
'Twas full two Years ere I could get a Tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting Jest.

*Dutch.* I prithee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

*York.* Grandam, his Nurse.

*Dutch.* His Nurse! why she was dead ere thou wast born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Queen.* A parlous Boy — Go to, you are too shrew'd.

*Dutch.* Good Madam, be not angry with a Child.

*Queen.* Pitchers have Ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a Messenger: What News?

*Mes.* Such News, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

*Queen.* How doth the Prince?

*Mes.* Well, Madam, and in Health.

*Dutch.* What is thy News?

*Mes.* Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Gray*,
Are sent to *Pomfret*, and with them
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prisoners.

*Dutch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mes.* The mighty Dukes, *Glo'ster* and *Buckingham*.

*Arch.* For what offence?

*Mes.* The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.

*Queen.* Ah me! I see the ruin of my House;
The Tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hind.
Insulting Tyrany begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
I see, as in a Map, the end of all.

*Dutch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling Days;
How many of you have mine Eyes beheld;
My Husband lost his Life to get the Crown,
And often up and down my Sons were tost,
For me to joy and weep, their gain and loss.

And being seated, and Domestick broils
Clean over blown, themselves, the Conquerors,
Make War upon themselves, Brother to Brother,
Blood to Blood, self again self: O prepost'rous
And frantick Outrage! end thy damned Spleen,
Or let me die, to look on Earth no more.

*Queen.* Come, come, my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewel.

*Dutch.* Stay, I will go with you.

*Queen.* You have no Cause.

*Arch.* My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your Treasure and your Goods,
For my Part, I'll resign unto your Grace,
The Seal I keep, and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, I'll conduct you to the *Sanctuary.* [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of* Wales, *the Dukes of* Gloucester *and* Buckingham, *Archbishop, with others.*

*Buck.* WElcome sweet Prince to *London,*
To your Chamber.

*Glo.* Welcome dear Cousin, my thoughts Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you Melancholy.

*Prince.* No, Uncle, but our crosses on the Way
Have made it tedious, wearisom and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

*Glo.* Sweet Prince, the untainted Virtue of your Years
Hath not yet div'd into the World's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a Man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the Heart.
Those Uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd Words,
But look'd not on the poison of their Hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false Friends.

*Prince.* God keep me from false Friends,
But they were none.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

*Enter Lord Mayor.*

*Mayor.* God bless your Grace with Health and Happy Days.

*Prince.* I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all.
I thought my Mother, and my Brother *York*,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not,
To tell us, whither they will come or no.

*Enter Lord* Hastings.

*Buck.* And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my Lord; what, will our Mother come.

*Hast.* On what Occasion God he knows, not I,
The Queen your Mother, and your Brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

*Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York*
Unto his princely Brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous Arms pluck him perforce.

*Arch.* My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak Oratory
Can from his Mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To mild Entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Privilege
Of blessed Sanctuary; not for all this Land
Would I be guilty of so great Sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional.
Weigh it but with the grossness of this Age,
You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the Place,
And those who have the wit to claim the Place:
This Prince hath never claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
Therefore, in mine Opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no Privilege nor Charter there;

Oft

Oft have have I heard of Sanctuary Men,
But Sanctuary Children, ne'er 'till now.

*Arch.* My Lord, you shall o'er rule my Mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?

*Hast.* I go, my Lord. [*Exeunt Archbishop and* Hastings.

*Prince.* Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
Say, Uncle *Glo'ster*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourn 'till our Coronation?

*Glo.* Where it seems best unto your Royal self.
If I may counsel you, some Day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the *Tower*:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best Health and Recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the *Tower* of any Place;
Did *Julius Cæsar* build that Place, my Lord?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious Lord, begin that Place,
Which since, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.

*Prince.* Is it upon Record? or else reported
Successively from Age to Age he built it?

*Buck.* Upon Record, my gracious Lord.

*Prince.* But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the Truth should live from Age to Age,
As 'twere retail'd to all Posterity,
Even to the general ending Day.

*Glo.* So wise, so young, they say do never live long.

*Prince.* What say you, Uncle?

*Glo.* I say, without Characters Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, [*Aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one Word.

*Prince.* That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous Man;
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set down to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror;
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life.
I'll tell you what my Cousin *Buckingham*.

*Buck.* What, my gracious Lord?

*Prince.* And if I live until I be a Man,
I'll win our ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a Soldier, as I liv'd a King.

*Glo.* Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

*Enter* York, Hastings, *and Archbishop.*

*Buck.* Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *York*.

*Prince*

*Prince.* Richard of *York*, how fares our noble Brother?
*York.* Well, my dear Lord, so must I call you now.
*Prince.* Ay, Brother, to our Grief, as it is yours;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that Title,
Which by his Death hath lost much Majesty.
*Glo.* How fares our Cousin. Noble Lord of *York*?
*York.* I thank you gentle Uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my Brother, hath outgrown me far.
*Glo.* He hath, my Lord.
*York.* And therefore is he idle?
*Glo.* Oh my fair Cousin I must not say so.
*York.* Then he is more beholden to you than I.
*Glo.* He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a Kinsman.
*York.* I pray you Uncle, give me this Dagger.
*Glo.* My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my Heart.
*Prince.* A Beggar, Brother?
*York.* Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy it is no grief to give.
*Glo.* A greater Gift than that I'll give my Cousin.
*York.* A greater Gift? O that's the Sword to it.
*Glo.* Ay, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.
*York.* O then I see you will part but with light Gift,
In weightier things you'l say a Beggar Nay.
*Glo.* It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
*York.* I weigh it lightly were it heavier.
*Glo.* What would you have my Weapon, little Lord?
*York.* I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.
*Glo.* How?
*York.* Little.
*Prince.* My Lord of *York* will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
*York.* You mean to bear me, not to bear with me;
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your Shoulders.
*Buck.* With what a sharp provided Wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
*Glo.* My Lord, wilt please you pass along?
My self, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*, Will

Will to your *Mother*, to intreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you:

*York.* What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord?

*Prince.* My Lord Protector will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the *Tower*.

*Glo.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my Uncle *Clarence* angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no Uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* And if they live I hope I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy Heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.

[*Exeunt Prince*, York, Hastings *and* Dorset.

*Manent* Gloucester, Buckingham *and* Catesby.

*Buck.* Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incensed by his subtle Mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt: O 'tis a parlous Boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable?
He is all the Mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest: come hither, *Catesby*,
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our Reasons urg'd upon the Way,
What think'st thou? is it not an easy Matter
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our Mind,
For the Instalment of this Noble Duke,
In the Seat Royal of this famous Isle?

*Cates.* He for his Father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be worn to ought against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of *Stanly*? Will not he?

*Cates.* He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more than this:
Go, gentle *Catesby*, and as it were far off
Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our Purpose,
And summon him to Morrow to the *Tower*,
To sit about the Coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our Reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too, and so break off the Talk,
And give us notice of his Inclination:
For we to Morrow hold divided Councils,
Wherein thy self shalt highly be employ'd.

*Glo.* Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adversaries
To morrow are let Blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good News,
Give Mrs. *Shore* one gentle Kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good *Catesby*, go, effect this Business soundly.

*Cates.* My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Glo.* Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

*Cates.* You shall, my Lord.

*Glo.* At *Crosby* House there you shall find us both.

*Buck.* Now my Lord. [*Exit* Catesby.
What shall we do, if we perceive
Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our Complots?

*Glo.* Chop off his Head:
Something we will determine:
And look when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and all the Moveables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.

*Buck.* I'll claim that Promise at your Grace's Hand.

*Glo.* And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our Complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter a Messenger to the Door of* Hastings.

*Mes.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Hast.* Who knows?

*Mes.* One from the Lord *Stanly*.

*Hast.* What is't a Clock?

*Mes.* Upon the stroak of four.

*Enter Lord* Hastings.

*Hast.* Cannot my Ld *Stanly* sleep these tedious Nights?

*Mes.* So it appears by what I have to say:
First, he commends him to your noble Self.

*Hast.* What then?

*Mes.* Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt the Boar had raised off his Helm:
Besides, he says there are two Councils kept;

And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him towards the North,
To shun the danger that his Soul divines.
*Hast.* Go Fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated Counsel:
His Honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good Friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have Intelligence:
Tell him his Fears are shallow without Instance;
And for his Dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet Slumbers.
To fly the Boar, before the Boar pursues,
Were to incense the Boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy Master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the *Tower*,
Where he shall see the Boar will use us kindly.
*Mes.* I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say. (*Ex.*
*Enter* Catesby.
*Cat.* Many good morrows to my noble Lord.
*Hast.* Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring,
What News, what News in this our tottering State?
*Cat.* It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
'Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realm.
*Hast.* How! wear the Garland?
Dost thou mean the Crown?
*Cat.* Ay, my good Lord.
*Hast.* I'll have this Crown of mine cut from my Shoulders,
Before I'll see the Crown so foul misplaced;
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
*Cat.* Ay, on my Life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his Party, for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good News,
That this same very Day our Enemies,
The Kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.
*Hast.* Indeed I am no Mourner for that News,
Because they have been still my Adversaries;

But that I'll give my Voice on *Richard*'s Side,
To bar my Maſter's Heirs in true Deſcent,
God knows I will not do it to the Death.
*Cat.* God keep your Lordſhip in that gracious Mind.
*Haſt.* But I ſhall laugh at this a Twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Maſter's hate,
I live to look upon their Tragedy.
Well *Catesby*, ere a Fortnight make me older,
I'll ſend ſome packing that yet think not on't
*Cat.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When Men are unprepared, and look not for it.
*Haſt.* O monſtrous, monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*; and ſo 'twill do
With ſome Men elſe, that think themſelves as ſafe
As thou and I, who as thou know'ſt, are dear
To Princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.
*Cat.* The Princes both make high account of you—
For they account his Head upon the Bridge. [*Aſide.*
*Haſt.* I know they do, and I have well deſerved it.
*Enter Lord* Stanley.
Come on, come on, where is your Boar-ſpear, Man?
Fear you the Boar, and go ſo unprovided?
*Stan.* My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*;
You may jeſt on, but by the holy Rood,
I do not like theſe ſeveral Councils, I.
*Haſt.* My Lord, I hold my Life as dear as yours,
And never in my Days, I do proteſt,
Was it ſo precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our State ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
*Stan.* The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and ſuppoſed their States were ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt;
But yet you ſee how ſoon the Day o'er caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of Rancor I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I prove a needleſs Coward.
What, ſhall we toward the *Tower*? the Day is ſpent.
*Haſt.* Come, come, have with you:
Wot he what, my Lord,
To day, the Lords you talk of are beheaded.
*Stan.* They, for their Truth, might better wear their Heads.
Then ſome that have accuſed them wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before, I'll talk with this good Fellow.
(*Exeunt Lord* Stanley *and* Catesby.
How now, Sirrah? how goes the World with thee?

*Purs.* The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee Man, 'tis better with me now,
That when thou met'st me last where now we meet;
Then was I going Prisoner to the *Tower*,
By the Suggestion of the Queen's Allies.
But now I tell thee, keep it to thyself,
This Day those Enemies are put to Death,
And I in better State than e'er I was.

*Purs.* God hold it to your Honour's good Content.

*Hast.* Grammercy Fellow; there drink that for me,
(*Throws him his Purse.*

*Purs.* I thank your Honour. (*Exit Pursuivant.*

*Enter a Priest.*

*Priest.* Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honour.

*Hast.* I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my Heart,
I am in your debt for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Priest.* I'll wait upon your Lordship.

*Enter* Buckingham.

*Buck.* What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your Friends at *Pomfret*, they do need the Priest,
Your Honour has no shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy Man,
The Men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the *Tower*?

*Buck.* I do, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

*Hast.* Nay, like enough, for I'll stay Dinner there.

*Buck.* And Supper too, altho' thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
Come, will you go?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your Lordship. (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Sir* Richard Ratcliff, *with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to Death at* Pomfret.

*Riv.* Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this,

To day shalt thou behold a Subject die
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.

*Gray*. God bless the Prince from all the pack of you,
A Knot you are of damned Blood-suckers.

*Vaugh*. You live that shall cry wo for this hereafter.

*Rat*. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

*Riv*. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers.
Within the guilty closure of thy Walls
*Richard* the Second here was hackt to Death:
And for more slander to thy dismal Seat
We give to thee our guiltless Blood to drink.

*Gray*. Now *Margaret*'s Curse is faln upon our Heads,
When she exclaimed on *Hastings*, you and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Son.

*Riv*. Then curs'd she *Richard*,
Then curs'd she *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd she *Hastings*. O remember God
To hear her Prayer for them, as now for us:
As for my *Sister* and her Princely Sons,
Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true Blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Rat*. Make haste, the hour of Death is now expir'd.

*Riv*. Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let us here embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in Heaven. (*Exeunt*.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, *Bishop of* Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Lovel, *with others, at a Table*.

*Hast*. Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In God's Name speak, when is the Royal Day?

*Buck*. Are all things ready for the Royal Time?

*Derby*. They are, and want but Nomination.

*Ely*. To Morrow then I judge a happy Day.

*Buck*. Who knows the Lord Protector's Mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

*Ely*. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his Mind.
*Buck*. We know each others Faces; for our Hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, than you or mine:
Lord *Hastings*, you and he are near in Love.
*Hast*. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you my honourable Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my Voice,
Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter* Gloucester.

*Ely*. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.
*Glo*. My Noble Lords and Cousins all, good morrow,
I have been a long sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
*Buck*. Had you not come upon your Cue, my Lord,
*William* Lord *Hastings* had pronounced your part,
I mean your Voice for crowning of the King.
*Glo*. Than my Lord *Hastings* no Man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holbourn*,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.
*Ely*. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my Heart.

*Exit* Ely.

*Glo*. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a Word with you.
*Catesby* has sounded *Hastings* in our Business,
And finds the testy Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head ere give consent
His Master's Child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the Royalty of *England*'s Throne.
*Buck*. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.

(*Exeunt*.

*Derby*. We have not yet set down this Day of Triumph:
To-Morrow, in my Judgment, is too sudden.
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be were the Day prolong'd.

*Enter Bishop of* Ely.

*Ely*. Where is my Lord, the Duke of *Gloucester*?

I have sent for these Strawberries.

*Hast.* His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this Morning,
There's some Conceit or other likes him well
When that he bids Good-morrow with such Spirit.
I think there's never a Man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his Love or Hate than he,
For by his Face strait shall you know his Heart.

*Derby.* What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelihood he shew'd to Day?

*Hast.* Marry that with no Man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewn it in his Looks.

*Enter* Gloucester *and* Buckingham.

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my Death with devilish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my Body, with their hellish Charms.

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doom th'Offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved Death.

*Glo.* Then be your Eyes the witness of their Evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine Arm
Is like a blasted Sapling wither'd up:
And this is *Edward*'s Wife, that monstrous Witch
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this Deed, my noble Lord—

*Glo.* If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Iffs? thou art a Traitor ———
Off with his Head ——— now by St. *Paul* I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
*Lovel* and *Ratcliff* look that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

*Manent* Lovel *and* Ratcliff *with the Lord* Hastings.

*Hast.* Wo, wo for *England*, not a whit for me,
For I too fond, might have prevented this:
*Stanley* did dream the Boar did raise our Helms,
And I did scorn it, and disdain to fly;
Three times to day my Foot-cloth Horse did stumble,
And started when he looked upon the *Tower*.
As loth to bear me to the Slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest that spake to me:

I now

I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To Day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my self secure in Grace and Favour.
Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heavy Curse
Is lighted on poor *Hastings* wretched Head.

*Rat.* Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner;
Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

*Hast.* O momentary Grace of mortal Men,
Which we more hunt for, than the Grace of God!
Who builds his hope in Air of your good Looks,
Lives like a drunken Sailor on a Mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to explain.

*Hast.* Oh bloody *Richard*, miserable *England*,
I prophesie the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath looked upon.
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Gloucester *and* Buckingham *in rusty Armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

*Glo.* Come Cousin,
Can'st thou quake and change thy colour,
Murther thy Breath in the middle of a Word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with Terror?

*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side.
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deep Suspicion, ghastly Looks
Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time, to grace my Stratagems.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

*Glo.* He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and* Catesby.

*Buck.* Lord Mayor—

*Glo.* Look to the Draw-bridge there.

*Buck.* Hark, a Drum.

*Glo.* *Catesby*, o'erlook the Walls.

*Buck.* Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—

*Glo.* Look back, defend there, here are Enemies.
*Buck.* God and our Innocence defend and guard us.
*Enter* Lovel *and* Ratcliff *with* Hastings's *Head.*
*Glo.* Be patient, they are Friends; *Ratcliff* and *Lovel.*
*Lov.* Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings.*
*Glo.* So dear I loved the Man that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest harmless Creature
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian:
Made him my Book, wherein my Soul recorded
The History of all her secret Thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his Vice with shew of Virtue,
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,
I mean his Conversation with *Shore*'s Wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspects.
*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd Traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle Traitor
This Day had plotted, in the Council-house,
To murther me and my good Lord of *Glo'ster.*
*May.* Had he done so?
*Glo.* What! think you we are *Turks* or Infidels?
Or that we should, against the form of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villain's Death,
But that the extream peril of the Case,
The Peace of *England*, and our Persons Safety
Enforc'd us to this Execution.
*Mayor.* Now fair befal you, he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false Traitors from the like Attempts.
*Buck.* I never look'd for better at his Hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he should die
Until your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our Friends,
Something against our meanings hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, I would have you heard
The Ttaitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons.
That you might well have signify'd the same

Unto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his Death.

*Mayor.* But, my good Lord, your Grace's Words shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous Citizens,
With all your just Proceedings in this Case,

*Glo.* And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'avoid the Censures of the carping World.

*Buck.* Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewel. (*Ex. Mayor.*

*Glo.* Go after, after, Cousin *Buckingham.*
The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post:
There, at your meerest vantage of the time,
Infer the Bastardy of *Edward*'s Children,
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying he would make his Son
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his House,
Which by the Sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful Luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretch'd unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his raging Eye, or savage Heart,
Without controul, lusted to make a Prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate *Edward*, Noble *York*,
My Princely Father then had Wars in *France*,
And by true Computation of the Time,
Bound that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments.
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly as 'twere far off.
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

*Buck.* Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself; and so, my Lord, adieu.

*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard*'s Castle,
Where you shall find me, well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well learned Bishops.

*Buck.* I go, and towards three or four a Clock,

Look for the News that the *Guild-Hall* affords.
[*Exit* Buckingham.

*Glo.* Go, *Lovel*, with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Go thou to Friar *Beuker*, bid them both [*To* Ratcliff.
Meet me within this hour at *Baynard*'s Caſtle. [*Exeunt.*
Now will I go to take ſome privy Order
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to give order, that no manner of Perſon
Have any time recourſe unto the Princes. [*Exit.*

*Enter a Scrivener.*

*Scriv.* Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings.*
Which in a ſet Hand fairly is engroſs'd,
That it may be to Day read o'er in *Paul*'s.
And mark how well the ſequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by *Catesby* was it ſent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within theſe five hours *Haſtings* lived,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good World the while; who is ſo groſs
That cannot ſee this palpable Device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays, he ſees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealing muſt be ſeen in thought. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Glouceſter *and* Buckingham *at ſeveral Doors.*

*Glo.* How now, how now, what ſay the Citizens?

*Buck.* Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, ſay not a word.

*Glo.* Touch'd you the Baſtardy of *Edward*'s Children?

*Buck.* I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in *France.*
Th' unſatiate greedineſs of his Deſire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,
His Tyranny for Trifles, his own Baſtardy,
As being got, your Father then in *France*,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your Form and Nobleneſs of Mind.
Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland.*
Your Diſcipline in War, Wiſdom in Peace,
Your Bounty, Virtue, fair Humility:

Indeed left nothing fitting for your Purpose
Uutoucht, or flightly handled in Difcourfe.
And when my Oratory grew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Conntry's good,
Cry, God fave *Richard*, *England*'s Royal King.

*Glo.* And did they fo?

*Buck.* No, fo God help me, they fpake not a Word,
But like dumb Statues or unbreathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I faw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful filence?
His Anfwer was, the People were not ufed
To be fpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again:
Thus faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing fpoke in warrant from himfelf.
When he had done, fome Followers of mine own,
At lower end of the Hall, hurl'd up their Caps,
And fome ten Voices cry'd, God fave King *Richard*:
And thus I took the vantage of thofe few.
Thanks, gentle Citizens and Friends, quoth I,
This general Applaufe, and chearful Shout,
Argues your Wifdom, and your love to *Richard*:
And even here break off and came away.

*Glo.* What Tongue-lefs Blocks were they,
Would they not fpeak?
Will not the Mayor then and his Brethren come?

*Buck.* The Mayor is here at hand; intend fome fear,
Be not you fpoke with, but by mighty fuit;
And look you get a Prayer-Book in your Hand,
And ftand between two Churchmen, good my Lord,
For on that ground I'll make a holy Defcant:
And be not eafily won to our Requefts,
Play the Maid's part, ftill anfwer nay, and take it.

*Glo.* I go: And if you plead as well for them,
As I can fay nay for thee to myfelf,
No doubt we bring it to a happy Iffue. [*Exit* Glo.

*Buck.* Go, go up to the Leads the Lord Mayor knocks.

*Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.*

Welcome my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I think the Duke will not be fpoke withal.

*Enter* Catesby. [quest?

*Buck.* Now *Catesby*, what says your Lord to my Re-

*Catesby.* He does intreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
To visit him to Morrow, or next Day;
He is within, with two right Reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to Meditation,
And in no worldly Suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep Designs, in matter of great Moment,
No less importing than our general Good,
Are come to have some Conference with his Grace.

*Catesf.* I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

*Buck.* Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed,
But on his Knees at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deep Divines.
Not sleeping, to engross his idle Body,
But praying to enrich his watchful Soul.
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sovereignty thereof,
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

*Mayor.* Marry, God defend, his Grace should say us nay.

*Buck.* I fear he will; here *Catesby* comes again.

*Enter* Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what says his Grace?

*Catesby.* He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such Troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him:

*Buck.* Sorry I am, my noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heav'n, we come to him in perfect Love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace, [*Exit.* Catef.
When holy and devout Religious Men
Are at their Beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

*Enter* Gloucester *above, between two Bishops.*

*Mayor.* See where his Grace stands 'tween 2 Clergymen.

*Buck.* Two Props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To

To stay him from the Fall of Vanity:
And see a Book of Prayer in his Hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy Man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable Ears to our requests,
And pardon us the Interruption
Of thy Devotion and right Christian Zeal.
*Glo.* My Lord, there needs no such Apology;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the Service of God,
Deferr'd the Visitation of my Friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?
*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good Men, of this ungovern'd Isle.
*Glo.* I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the City's Eye,
And that you come to reprehend my Ignorance.
*Buck.* You have, my Lord.
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties to amend your Fault.
*Glo.* Else wherefore breath I in a Christian Land.
*Buck.* Know then, it is your Fault that you resign
The Supream Seat, the Throne Majestical,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your due of Birth,
The Lineal Glory of your Royal House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd Stock;
Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy Thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Country's good,
The noble Isle doth want his proper Limbs:
His Face defac'd with scars of Infamy,
His Royal Stock graft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulf
Of dark Forgetfulness, and deep Oblivion.
Which to re-cure, we heartily sollicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for another's gain;
But as successively, from Blood to Blood,
Your right of Birth, your Empiry, your own.
For this, consorted with the Citizens,

[Y]our very Worshipful and loving Friends,
[A]nd by their vehement Instigation,
[I]n this just Cause come I to move your Grace.
*Glo.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
[O]r bitterly to speak in your Reproof,
[B]est fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
[F]or not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the Golden Yoak of Soveraignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
[I]f to reprove you for this suit of yours,
[S]o season'd with your faithful Love to me,
[T]hen on the other side I check'd my Friends.
[T]herefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
[A]nd then in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your Love deserves my Thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of Spirit,
So mighty, and so many my Defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatness,
Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
Than in my Greatness covet to be hid,
And in the Vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you; were there need;
The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
And make us, no doubt; happy by his Reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
*Buck.* My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the Respects thereof are nice, and trivial,
All Circumstances well considered.
You say, that *Edward* is your Brother's Son.
So say we too, but not by *Edward*'s Wife:
For first was his Contract to Lady *Lucy*,

Your

Your Mother lives a Witneſs to his Vow,
And afterward by Subſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Siſter to the King of *France*.
Theſe both put off, a poor Petitioner,
A Care-craz'd Mother to a many Sons,
A Beauty-waiting, and diſtreſſed Widow,
Even in the Afternoon of her beſt Days,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his Degree,
To baſe Declenſion, and loath'd Bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly I could expoſtulate,
Save that for reverence of ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my Tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your Royal Self
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
If not to bleſs us, and the Land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble Anceſtry
From the Corruption of abuſing times,
Unto a Lineal true derived Courſe.

*Mayor*. Do, good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.

*Buck*. Refuſe not, my Lord, this proffer'd Love.

*Cateſ*. O make them joyful, grant their lawful Suit.

*Glo*. Alas, why would you heap this Care on me?
I am unfit for State, and Majeſty:
I do beſeech you take it not amiſs,
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck*. If you refuſe it, as in love and zeal,
Loath to depoſe the Child your Brother's Son,
As well we know your Tenderneſs of Heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And equally indeed to all Eſtates:
Yet know, where you accept our Suit, or no,
Your Brother's Son ſhall never reign our King.
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and down-fall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt*.

*Cateſ*. Call him again, ſweet Prince, accept their Suit:
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

*Glo.* Will you inforce me to a World of Cares?
Call them again, I am not made of *Stones*,
But penetrable to your kind Intreaties,
Albeit against my Conſcience and my Soul.

*Enter* Buckingham *and the Reſt.*

Couſin of *Buckingham*, and ſage, grave Men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back,
To bear her Burthen, whether I will or no,
I muſt have Patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequel of your Impoſition,
Your meer Enforcement ſhall Acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof,
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the Deſire of this.

*Mayor.* God bleſs your Grace, we ſee it and will ſay it.

*Glo.* In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the Truth.

*Buck.* Then I ſalute you with this Royal Title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England*'s worthy King.

*All.* Amen.

*Buck.* To Morrow may it pleaſe you to be crown'd.

*Glo.* Even when you pleaſe, for you will have it ſo.

*Buck.* To Morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt joyfully we take our leave.

*Glo.* Come, let us to our holy Work again.
Farewel my Couſins, farewel gentle Friends. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter the Queen,* Anne *Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter, *the Dutcheſs of* York, *and Marqueſs of* Dorſet.

*Duch.* WHO meets us here?
My Niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the Hand of her kind Aunt of *Gloſter*?
Now, for my Life, ſhe's wandring to the Tower,
On pure Heart's Love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your Graces both a happy
And a joyful time of Day.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* As much to you, good Sister; whither away?

*Anne.* No farther than the *Tower*, and as I guess,
Upon the like Devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

*Queen.* Kind Sister thanks, we'll enter all together.

*Enter the Lieutenant.*

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Son of *York*?

*Lieu.* Right well, dear Madam, by your Patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Queen.* The King? who's that?

*Lieu.* I mean the Lord Protector.

*Queen.* The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their Mother, who shall bar me from them?

*Duch.* I am their Father's Mother, I will see them.

*Anne.* Their Aunt I am in Law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their Sights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my Peril,

*Lieu.* No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit Lieu.*

*Enter* Stanley.

*Stan.* Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of *York* as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come Madam, you must straight to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richard*'s Royal Queen.

*Queen.* Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent Heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing News.

*Anne.* Despightful tidings, O unpleasing News!

*Dorset.* Be of good Chear: Mother, how fares your
[Grace!

*Queen.* O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogs thee at thy Heels,
Thy Mother's Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, go cross the Seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Go hye thee, hye thee from this Slaughter-house,

Lest

Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margaret*'s Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor *England*s counted Queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise Care is this your Counsel, Madam;
Take all the swift advantage of the Hours;
You shall have Letters from me to my Son,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Dutch.* O ill dispersing wind of Misery,
O my accursed Womb, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the World,
Whose unavoided Eye is Murderous.

*Stan.* Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.
O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Metal, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steel, to sear me to the Brains.
Anointed let me be with deadly Venom,
And die e'er Man can say, God save the Queen.

*Queen.* Go, go, poor Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
To feed my Humour wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No! why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry*'s Coarse:
When scarce the Blood was well wash'd from his Hands,
Which issued from my other Angel Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I say, I look on *Richard*'s Face,
This was my Wish; be thou, quoth I, accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st let Sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Than thou hast made me, by my dear Lord's Death.
Loe, e'er I can repeat this Curse again,
Within so small a time, my Woman's Heart
Grosly grew captive to his Honey words,
And prov'd the Subject of mine own Soul's Curse:
Which hitherto hath held mine Eyes from rest:
For never yet one Hour in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden Dew of Sleep.
But with his timerous Dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwick*,

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Queen.* Poor Heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than with my Soul I mourn for yours.

*Dors.* Farewel, thou woful welcomer of Glory.

*Anne.* Adieu, poor Soul, that take'st thy leave of it.

*Dutch.* Go thou to *Richmond*, and good Fortune guide thee. [*To* Dorset.

Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee, [*To* Anne.

Go thou to Sanctuary, and good Thoughts possess thee, [*To the Queen.*

I to my Grave, where Peace and Rest lie with me.
Eighty odd Years of Sorrow have I seen,
And each Hours Joy wrack'd with a Week of teen.

*Queen.* Stay, yet look back, with me, unto the *Tower.*
Pity, you antient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes; use my Babies well;
So foolish sorrow bids your Stones farewel. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter* Gloucester *as King*, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff *and* Lovel.

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart—Cousin of *Buckingham*—

*Buck.* My gracious Sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Give me thy Hand, Thus high by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King *Richard* seated:
But shall we wear these Glories for a Day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever let them last.

*K. Rich.* Ah *Buckingham*, now do I play the Touch,
To try if thou be current Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* lives—think now that I would speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving Lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

*Buck.* Why so you are my thrice renowned Lord,

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I King? 'tis so—but *Edward* lives—

*Buck.* True, noble Prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter Consequence!
That *Edward* still should live True noble Prince.

Cousin

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayst thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
*Buck.* Your Grace may do your Pleasure.
*K. Ric.* Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy Consent, that they shall die?
*Buck.* Give me some little breath, some pause, dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit* Buckingham.
*Cates.* The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lip.
*K. Ric.* I will converse with Iron witted Fools,
And unrespective Boys; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate Eyes,
High reaching *Buckingham* grow circumspect.
Boy.
*Page.* My Lord.
*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?
*Page.* I know a discontented Gentleman.
Whose humble means match not his haughty Spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
*K. Rich.* What is his Name?
*Page.* His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrel.*
*K. Rich.* I partly know the Man; go call him hither,
Boy, *Exit.*
The deep revolving witty *Buckingham,*
No more shall be the Neighbour to my Counsels,
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for Breath? Well be it so.
*Enter* Stanley.
How now, Lord *Stanley,* What's the News?
*Stan.* Know, my loving Lord, the Marquiss *Dorset,*
As I hear, is fled to *Richmond,*
In the Parts where he abides.
*K. Rich.* Come hither, *Catesby,* Rumour is abroad,
That *Anne,* my Wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for keeping her close.
Inquire me out some mean poor Gentleman,
Whom I will marry strait to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look

Look how thou dream'st—I say again give out,
That *Anne* my Queen is sick, and like to die.
About it: for it stands me much upon
To stop all Hopes whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my Brother's Daughter,
Or else my Kingdom stands on brittle Glass:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
So far in Blood, that Sin will pluck on Sin,
Tear-falling Pity dwells not in this Eye.

*Enter* Tirrel.

Is thy Name *Tirrel*?

*Tir. James Tirrel*, and your most obedient Subject.

K. *Rich.* Art thou indeed?

*Tir.* Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. *Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a Friend of mine?

*Tir.* Please you:
But I had rather kill two Enemies.

K. *Rich.* Why then thou hast it; two deep Enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon;
*Tirrel*, I mean those Bastards in the *Tower*.

*Tir.* Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. *Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet Musick:
Hark, come hither *Tirrel*,
Go by this Token; rise, and lend thine Ear, [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so; say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tir.* I will dispatch it strait. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Buckingham.

*Buck.* My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
That late Request that you did sound me in.

K. *Rich.* Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond.*

*Buck.* I hear the News, my Lord.

K. *Rich. Stanly*, he is your Wife's Son; well look unto [it.

*Buck.* My Lord, I claim the Gift, my due by Promise,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawn'd.
Th'Earldom of *Hereford*, and the Moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. *Rich. Stanly*, look to your Wife; if she convey

Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your Highness to my just Request?

K. *Rich.* I do remember me, *Henry* the Sixth
Did Prophesie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish Boy.
A King perhaps.

*Buck.* May it please you to resolve me in my Suit.

K. *Rich.* Thou troublest me, I am not in the Vein.
[*Exit.*

*Buck.* And is it thus? repays he my deep Service
With such Contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecknock*, while my fearful Head is on. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Tirrel.

*Tir.* The tyrannous and bloody Act is done;
The most Arch-deed of piteous Massacre
That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
*Dighton* and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthful Butchery,
Albeit they were flesht Villains, bloody Dogs,
Melted with Tenderness, and mild Compassion,
Wept like to Children, in their Death's sad Story:
O thus, quoth *Dighton*, lay the gentle Babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest*, girdling one another
Within their Alabaster innocent Arms:
Their Lips were four red Roses on a Stalk,
And in their Summer Beauty kiss'd each other.
A Book of Prayers on their Pillow lay,
Which once, quoth *Forrest*, almost chang'd my mind.
But oh the Devil—there the Villain stopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet Work of Nature,
That from the prime Creation e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse.
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear these Tydings to the bloody King.

*Enter King* Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my Sovereign Lord.

K. *Rich.* Kind *Tirrel*—am I happy in thy News?

*Tir.* If to have done the thing you gave in Charge
Beget your Happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* But didſt thou ſee them dead?
*Tir.* I did my Lord.
K. *Rich.* And buried, gentle *Tirrel?*
*Tir.* The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
But where, to ſay the Truth, I do not know.
K. *Rich.* Come to me *Tirrel* ſoon, ſoon after Supper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their Death.
Mean time—but think how I may do thee good,
And be Inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewel 'till then.
*Tir.* I humbly take my leave.
K. *Rich.* The Son of *Clarence* have I pent up cloſe,
His Daughter meanly have I match'd in Marriage,
The Sons of *Edward* ſleep in *Abraham*'s Boſom,
And *Anne* my Wife hath bid this World good Night.
Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth* my Brother's Daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving Wooer.

*Enter* Ratcliff.

*Rat.* My Lord.
K. *Rich.* Good or bad News, that thou com'ſt in ſo [bluntly?
*Rat.* Bad News, my Lord, *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welſhmen*,
Is in the Field, and ſtill his Power increaſeth.
K. *Rich.* *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his raſh levied Strength.
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden Servitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnail pac'd Beggary:
Then fiery Expedition be my Wing,
*Jove*'s Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter Men; my Council is my Shield,
We muſt be brief, when Traitors brave the Field. [*Ex.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Queen* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* So now Proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in theſe Confines ſlily have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine Enemies.

A dire

A dire Induction am I witness to,
And will to *France*, hoping the Consequence
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes here?

*Enter Dutchess and Queen.*

*Queen.* Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender Babes!
My unblown Flowers, new appearing Sweets:
If yet your gentle Souls fly in the Air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy Wings,
And hear your Mother's Lamentation.

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her, say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your Infant Morn to aged Night.

*Dutch.* So many Miseries have craz'd my Voice,
That my woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute.
*Edward Plantagenet*, why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*.
*Edward* for *Edward* pays a dying Debt.

*Queen.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the Intrails of the Wolf?
Why didst thou sleep when such a Deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When Holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet Son.

*Dutch.* Dead Life, blind Sight, poor mortal living Ghost,
Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Grave due, by Life usurpt,
Brief abstract and record of tedious Days,
Rest thy unrest on *England*'s lawful Earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent Blood.

*Queen.* Ah that thou wouldst as soon afford a Grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholly Seat;
Then would I hide my Bones, not rest them here.
Ah who hath any cause to mourn but we?

*Q. Mar.* If ancient Sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Signeury;
And let my Griefs frown on the upper hand,
If Sorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st an *Edward* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st a *Richard* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:

*Dutch.* I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him.
I had a *Rutland* too, thou help'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.*

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy Womb hath crept
A Hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to Death:
That Dog, that had his Teeth before his Eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle Blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy work,
That reigns in gauled Eyes of weeping Souls:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the Earth.
Thy Womb let loose to chase us to our Graves.
O upright, just, and true disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal Cur
Preys on the Issue of his Mother's Body,
And makes her, Pue-fellow with others moan.

*Dutch.* Oh *Harry's* Wife, triumph not in my Woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I close me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young *York*, he is but boot, because both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my Loss.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead that sta'bd my *Edward*;
And the beholders of this frantick Play,
Th' adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.
*Richard* yet lives, Hell's black Intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their Factor to buy Souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand
Insues his piteous and unpitied End.
Earth gapes, Hell burns, Fiends roar, Saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his Bond of Life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live and say, the Dog is dead.

*Queen.* O thou didst Prophesy the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me Curse
That bottel'd Spider, that foul bunch back'd Toad.

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my Fortune:
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted Queen,
The Representation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direful Pageant,
One heav'd a high to be hurl'd down below:
A Mother only mock'd with two fair Babes;

A dream of what thou waſt, a gariſh Flag
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous Shot;
A ſign of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queen in Jeſt, only to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sons? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues, and kneels, and ſays, God ſave the Queen?
Where be the bending Peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging Troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and ſee now what thou art.
For happy Wife, a moſt diſtreſſed Widow;
For joyful Mother, one that wails the Name;
For one being ſu'd to, one that humbly ſues;
For Queen, a very Caytiff crown'd with Care;
For ſhe that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For ſhe being fear'd of all, now fearing one?
For ſhe commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of Juſtice whirl'd ab
And left thee but a very Prey to Time,
Having no more but thought of what thou waſt,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt uſurp my Place, and doſt thou not
Uſurp the juſt Proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Neck bears half my burthen'd Yoak,
From which, even here I ſlip my wearied Head,
And leave the Burden of it all on thee.
Farewel *York*'s Wife, and Queen of ſad Miſchance,
Theſe *Engliſh* Woes ſhall make me ſmile in *France*.

*Queen.* O thou well skill'd in Curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine Enemies.

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to ſleep the Night, and faſt the Day:
Compare dead Happineſs with living Woe;
Think that thy Babes were ſweeter than they were,
And he that ſlew them fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loſs makes the bad Cauſer worſe;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curſe.

*Queen.* My Words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

*Q. Mar.* Thy Woes will make them ſharp,
And pierce like mine. [*Exit* Margaret.

*Dutch.* Why ſhould Calamity be full of Words?

*Queen.* Windy Attorneys to their Clients Woes,
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtine Joys,

Poor

Poor breathing Orators of Miseries,
Let them have scope, tho' what they will impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the Heart.
*Dutch.* If so, then be not tongue ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter Words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sons smother'd,
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in Exclaims.
*Enter King* Richard *and his Train.*
*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
*Dutch.* O she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed Womb,
From all the slaughters, Wretch, that thou hast done.
*Queen.* Hidest thou that Forehead with a golden Crown,
Which should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that own'd that Crown,
And the dire death of my poor Sons and Brothers.
Tell me, thou Villain slave, where are my Children?
*Dutch.* Thou Toad, thou Toad,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*.
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Son?
*Queen.* Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*?
*Dutch.* Where is kind *Hastings*!
K. *Rich.* A flourish, Trumpets; strike Alarum, Drums.
Let not the Heav'ns hear these Tell tale Women
Rail on the Lord's Anointed. Strike, I say.
[*Flourish Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of War
Thus will I drown your Exclamations.
*Dutch.* Art thou my Son?
K. *Rich* Ay, I thank God, my Father, and your self.
*Dutch.* Then patiently hear my Impatience.
K. *Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your Condition,
That cannot brook the accent of Reproof.
*Dutch.* O let me speak.
K. *Rich.* Do then but I'll not hear.
*Dutch.* I will be mild and gentle in my Words.
K. *Rich.* And brief, good Mother, for I am in haste.
*Dutch.* Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows in Torment and in Agony.
K. *Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?
*Dutch.* No, by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on Earth to make the Earth my Hell.
A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy;
Thy School-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour can'st thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy Company?
K. *Rich.* Faith none but *Humphry Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To breakfast once, forth of my Company.
If I be so disgracious in your Eye
Let me march on and not offend you, Madam.
Strike up the Drum.
*Dutch.* I prithee hear me speak.
K. *Rich.* You speak too bitterly.
*Dutch.* Hear me a Word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. *Rich.* So.
*Dutch.* Either thou wilt die by God's just Ordinance,
Ere from this War thou turn a Conqueror;
Or I with Grief and extream Age shall perish,
And never more behold thy Face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous Curse,
Which, in the Day of Battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st,
My Prayers on the adverse Party fight,
And there the little Souls of *Edward*'s Children,
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promise them Succels and Victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serves thy Life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit*
*Queen.* Tho' far more cause, yet much less Spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.
K. *Rich.* Stay, Madam, I must talk a Word with you.
*Queen.* I have no more Sons of the Royal Blood
For thee to slaughter; for my Daughters, *Richard*,
They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their Lives.
K. *Rich.* You have a Daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and Fair, Royal and Gracious.

*Queen.*

*Queen* And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her Manners, stain her Beauty,
Slander my self as false to *Edward*'s Bed:
Throw over her the Vail of Infamy,
So she may live unscar'd of bleeding Slaughter.
I will confess she was not *Edward*'s Daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her Birth, she is a Royal Princess.

*Queen.* To save her Life I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her Life is safest only in her Birth.

*Queen.* And only in that safety dy'd her Brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo, at their Birth good Stars were opposite.

*Queen.* No, to their Lives ill Friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of Destiny.

*Queen.* True; when avoided Grace makes Destiny.
My Babes were destin'd to a fairer Death,
If Grace had blest thee with a fairer Life.

*K. Rich.* You speak as if that I had slain my Cousins?

*Queen.* Cousins indeed, and by their Uncle cozen'd,
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life.
Whose Hands soever lanced their tender Hearts.
Thy Head, all Indirectly, give Direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy Stone-hard Heart,
To revel in the Intrails of my Lambs.
But that still use of Grief makes wild Grief tame,
My Tongue should to thy Ears not name my Boys,
'Till that my Nails were anchor'd in thine Eyes,
And I in such a desp'rate Bay of Death,
Like a poor Bark of Sails and Tackling reft,
Rush all to Pieces on thy Rocky Bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my Enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody Wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

*Queen.* What good is cover'd with the Face of Heav'n
To be discovered, that can do me good?

*K. Rich.* Th' Advancement of your Children, gentle Lady.

*Queen.* Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their Heads.

*K. Rich.* Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperial Type of this Earth's Glory.

*Queen.* Flatter my Sorrow with report of it;
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honour

Can'st thou devise to any Child of mine?

*K. Rich.* Ev'n all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I with all endow a Child of thine;
So in the *Lethe* of thy angry Son.
Thou drown thy sad Remembrance of those Wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

*Queen.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling, than thy kindness date.

*K. Rich.* Then know,
That from my Soul I love thy Daughter.

*Queen.* My Daughter's Mother thinks it with her Soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Queen.* That thou dost love my Daughter from thy Soul.
So from thy Soul's love didst thou love her Brothers.
And from my Heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my Soul I love thy Daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of *England.*

*Queen.* Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her Queen:
Who else should be?

*Queen.* What, thou!

*K. Rich.* Even so; how think you of it!

*Queen.* How can'st thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her Humour.

*Queen.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my Heart.

*Queen.* Send to her, by the Man that slew her Brothers
A pair of bleeding Hearts; thereon ingrave
*Edward* and *York*, then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, steept in *Rutland*'s Blood,
A Handkerchief; which say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet Brothers Bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping Eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to Love,
Send her a Letter of thy noble Deeds;
Tell her thou madest away her Uncle *Clarence*,
Her Uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
Madest quick Conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne.*

*K. Rich.* You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your Daughter.

*Queen.* There is no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other Shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
*K. Rich.* Say, that I did all this for Love of her.
*Queen.* Nay, then indeed she cannot chuse but hate thee.
Having bought Love with such a bloody Spoil.
*K. Rich.* Look, what is done, cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the Kingdom from your Sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your Daughter:
If I have kill'd the Issue of your Womb,
To quicken your encrease I will beget
Mine Issue of your Blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doating Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one step below,
Even of your Metal, of your very Blood:
Of all one pain, save for a Night of Groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like Sorrow,
Your Children were Vexation to your Youth,
But mine shall be a Comfort to your Age.
The loss you have is but a Son being King,
And by that loss your Daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
*Dorset*, your Son, that with a fearful Soul
Leads discontented Steps in Foreign Soil,
This fair Alliance quickly shall call home
To high Promotions and great Dignity.
The King that calls your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* Brother:
Again shall you be Mother to a King;
And all the Ruins of distressful Times,
Repair'd with double Riches of Content,
What? we have many goodly Days to see:
The liquid drops of Tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transformed to Orient Pearl,
Advantaging their Love with Interest
Oftentimes double gain of Happiness.
Go then my Mother, to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashful Years with your Experience,

Prepare her Ears to hear a Wooer's Tale,
Put in her tender Heart th' aspiring Flame
Of golden Sovereignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent Hours of Marriage Joys;
And when this Arm of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy Daughter to a Conqueror's Bed;
To whom I will retail my Conquest won,
And she shall be sole Victress, *Cæsar*'s *Cæsar*.

*Queen.* What were I best to say, her Father's Brother
Would be her Lord? or shall I say, her Uncle?
Or he that slew her Brothers? and her Uncles?
Under what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honour, and her Love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender Years?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair *England*'s Peace by this Alliance.

*Queen.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting War.

*K. Ri.* Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats.

*Qu.* That all her Hands, which the King's King forbids.

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be high and mighty Queen.

*Queen.* To vail the Title, as her Mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say I will love her everlastingly.

*Queen.* But how long shall that Title ever last?

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair Life's end.

*Queen.* But how long, fairly, shall her sweet Life last?

*K. Rich.* As long as Heav'n and Nature lengthens it.

*Queen.* As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her Sovereign, am her *Subject* low.

*Queen.* But she, your Subject, loaths such *Sovereignty*.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my Behalf to her.

*Queen.* An honest Tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then, plainly, to her tell my loving Tale.

*Queen.* Plain and not honest, is too harsh a Stile.

*K. Rich.* Your Reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Queen.* O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead;
To deep and dead poor Infants in their Graves,
Harp on it still shall I, till Heart-strings break.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that String Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown——

*Queen.* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear.

*Queen.* By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George profan'd, hath lost his lordly Honour,
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Kingly Virtue,
Thy Crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. *Rich.* Then by my self —

*Queen.* Thy self is self-misus'd.

K. *Rich.* Now by the World —

*Queen.* 'Tis full of thy foul Wrongs.

K. *Rich.* My Father's Death —

*Queen.* Thy Life hath it dishonour'd.

K. *Rich.* Why then, by Heav'n —

*Queen.* Heav'n's Wrong is most of all:
If thou didst fear to break an Oath with him,
The Unity the King my Husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers dy'd.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an Oath by him,
Th' Imperial Metal, circling now thy Head,
Had grac'd the tender Temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Worms:
What canst thou swear by now?

K. *Rich.* The Time to come.

*Queen.* That thou hast wronged in the time e'er-past,
For I my self have many Tears to wash
Hereafter Time, for time-past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast butcher'd,
Ungovern'd Youth, to wail it with their Age.
The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to wail it with their Age.
Swear not by Time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. *Rich.* As I intend to prosper, and repent;
So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
Of hostile Arms; My self, my self confound,
Heaven and Fortune bar me happy Hours,
Day yield me not thy Light, nor Night thy Rest,
Be opposite all Planets of good Luck
To my proceeding, if with dear Hearts Love,
Immaculate Devotion, holy Thoughts,

I tender not the beauteous Princely Daughter.
In her consists my Happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the Land, and many Christian Souls
Death, Desolation, Ruin and Decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this:
It will not be avoided, but by this;
Therefore, dear Mother, I must call you so,
Be the Attorney of my Love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my Deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of Times;
And be not peevish found in great Designs.

*Queen.* Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

K. *Rich.* Ay, if the Devil tempt you to do good.

*Queen.* Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. *Rich.* Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

*Queen.* Yet thou didst kill my Children.

K. *Rich.* But in your Daughter's Womb I bury them;
Where in that nest of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves to your Recomforture.

*Queen.* Shall I go win my Daughter to thy Will?

K. *Rich.* And be a happy Mother by thy Deed.

*Queen.* I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind. [*Ex. Qu.*

K. *Rich.* Bear her my true Love's kiss, and so farewel—
Relenting Fool, and shallow-changing Woman.
How now, what News?

*Enter* Ratcliff.

*Rat.* Most mighty Sovereign, on the Western Coast
Rides a puissant Navy: To our Shores
Throng many doubtful hollow hearted Friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

K. *Rich.* Some light foot Friend post to the Duke of *Norfolk*.
*Ratcliff*, thyself, or *Catesby*; where is he;

*Cat.* Here: my good Lord.

K. *Rich.* *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

*Cat.* I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. *Rich.* *Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*.

When

When thou comest thither--Dull unmindful Villain.
(*To* Catesby.
Why stay'st thou here and go'st not to the Duke?
*Cat.* First, mighty Leige, tell me your Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
K. *Rich.* O true, good *Catesby*—bid him levy strait,
The greatest Strength, and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.
*Cat.* I go. (*Ex.*
*Rat.* What, may it please you shall I do at *Salisbury*?
K. *Rich.* Why, what would'st thou do there before I go?
*Rat.* Your Highness told me I should post before,
K. *Rich.* My Mind is chang'd———

*Enter Lord* Stanley.

*Stanley*, what News with you?
*Stan.* None, good my Liege, to please you with the hearing.
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
K. *Rich.* Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou run so many Miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy Tale the nearest way?
Once more, what News?
*Stan.* *Richmond* is on the Seas.
K. *Rich.* There let him sink, and be the *Sea* on him.
White-liver'd Run-a-gate, what doth he there?
*Stan.* I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.
K. *Rich.* Well, as you guess.
*Stan.* Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Morton*.
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.
K. *Rich.* Is the Chair empty? is the Sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpossess'd?
What Heir of *York* is there alive but we?
And who is *England*'s King, but great *York*'s Heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?
*Stan.* Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.
K. *Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the *Welchman* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
*Stan.* No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
K. *Rich.* Where is thy Power then to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers?
Are they not now upon the Western Shore,
Safe conducting the Rebels from their Ships?

*Stan.* No, my good Lord, my Friends are in the North.
K.*Rich.* Cold Friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sovereign in the West?
*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my Friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.
*K. Rich.* Ay, thou would'st be gone, to join with [*Richmond*:
But I'll not trust thee.
*Stan.* Most mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my Friendship doubtful,
I never was, nor never will be false.
*K.*R*ich.* Go then, and muster Men; but leave behind
Your Son *George Stanley*: Look your Heart be firm,
Or else his Head's Assurance is but frail.
*Stan.* So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* Stanley.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious Sovereign, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by Friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates are in Arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guildfords* are in Arms,
And every hour Competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows strong.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham*—
*K. Rich.* Out on ye, Owls, nothing but Songs of Death.
[*He strikes him.*
There take thou that, till thou bring better News.
*Mes.* The News I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
*Buckingham*'s Army is dispersed and scatter'd,
And he himself wandred away alone,
No Man knows whither.
*K. Rich.* I cry thee Mercy;
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well advised Friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traitor in?

*Mes.*

*Mes.* Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord Marquess *Dorset*.
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in Arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The *Britain* Navy is dispersed by Tempest,
*Richmond* in *Dorsetshire* sent out a Boat
Unto the Shore, to ask those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his Party; he mistrusting them,
Hois'd Sail, and made his Course again for *Britain*.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in Arms,
If not to fight with Foreign Enemies,
Yet to beat down these Rebels here at home.

*Enter* Catesby.

*Catef.* My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best News; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty Power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder News, but yet it must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards *Salisbury*; while we reason (here,
A Royal Battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order that *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* Derby *and Sir* Christopher.

*Derby.* Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the Sty of the most deadly Boar,
My Son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George*'s Head,
The fear of that holds off my present Aid.
So get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Withal say, that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter,
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?

*Chris.* At *Pembrock*, or at *Hertford* West in *Wales*.

*Derby.* What Men of Name resort to him?

*Chris.* Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Soldier.
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*.

And

And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great Name and Worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their Power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
*Der.* Well, hye, thee to my Lord: I kiſs his Hand,
My Letter will reſolve him of my Mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt*.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter the Sheriff, and* Buckingham, *with Halberds led to Execution.*

*Buck.* WILL not K. *Richard* let me ſpeak with him.
*Sh.* No good my Lord, therefore be patient.
*Buck. Haſtings* and *Edward*'s Children, *Gray* and *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair Son *Edward*,
*Vaughan*, and all that have miſcarried
By under-hand corrupted foul Injuſtice,
If that your moody diſcontented Souls,
Do through the Clouds behold this preſent Hour,
Even for Revenge mock my Deſtruction,
This is *All-Souls* Day, Fellow, is it not?
*Sher.* It is.
*Buck.* Why then *All-Souls* Day is my Body's Doomſday,
This is the Day, which in King *Edward*'s Time
I wiſht might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his Children, and his Wife's Allies.
This is the Day wherein I wiſht to fall
By the falſe Faith of him whom moſt I truſted.
This, this *All-Souls* Day to my fearful Soul,
Is the determined Reſpite of my Wrongs:
That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned Prayer on my Head,
And given me in earneſt, what I begg'd in jeſt.
Thus doth he force the Swords of wicked Men
To turn their own Points in their Maſters Boſoms.
Thus *Margaret*'s Curſe falls heavy on my Neck:

When he, quoth ſhe, will ſplit thy Heart with Sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Propheteſs:
Come lead me Officers to the Block of Shame,
Wrong hath but Wrong, and Blame the due of Blame.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *with Officers.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, *and others, with Drums and Colours.*

*Richm.* Fellows in Arms, and my moſt loving Friends,
Bruis'd underneath the Yoak of Tyranny,
Thus far into the Bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without Impediment;
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of fair Comfort and Encouragement:
The wretched, bloody and uſurping Boar,
That ſpoil'd our Summer Fields, and fruitful Vines,
Swills your warm Blood like Waſh, and makes his Trough
In your embowell'd Boſoms: This foul Swine
Is now even in the Center of this Iſle,
Near to the Town of *Leiceſter*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither is but one Days march.
In God's Name cheerly on, couragious Friends,
To reap the Harveſt of perpetual Peace,
By this one bloody trial of ſharp War.

*Oxf.* Every Man's Conſcience is a thouſand Men,
To fight againſt this guilty Homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not but his Friends will turn to us

*Blunt.* He hath no Friends, but what are Friends for fear,
Which in his deareſt need will fly from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage, then in God's Name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flies with Swallow's Wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* King Richard *in Arms, with* Norfolk, Ratcliff, *and the Earl of* Surrey.

*K. Rich.* Here pitch your Tent, even here in *Boſworth* [*Field.*
My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you ſo ſad

*Sur.* My Heart is ten times lighter than my Looks.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* My Lord of *Norfolk.*
*Nor.* Here, most gracious Liege.
K. *Rich.* *Norfolk*, we must have knocks:
Ha, must we not?
*Nor.* We must both give and take, my loving Lord.
K. *Rich.* Up with my Tent, here will I lie to Night,
But where to Morrow?—well all's one for that,
Who hath descry'd the number of the Traitors?
*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost Power.
K. *Rich.* Why our Battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the King's Name is a Tower of Strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.
Up with the Tent: Come, Noble Gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some Men of sound Direction:
Let's lack no Discipline, make no delay,
For, Lord's, to Morrow is a busy Day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and* Dorset.

*Richm.* The weary Sun hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Car,
Gives token of a goodly Day to Morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you shall bear my Standard:
Give me some Ink and Paper in my Tent;
I'll draw the Form and Model of our Battle,
Limit each Leader to his several Charge,
And part in just proportion our small Power.
My Lord of *Oxford* you Sir *William Brandon*,
And you Sir *William Herbert* stay with me;
The Earl of *Pembroke* keeps his Regiment;
Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good Night to him,
And by the second Hour in the Morning,
Desire the Earl to see me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quartered, do you know?
*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lies, half a Mile at least,
South from the mighty Power of the King.
*Richm.* If without Peril it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful Note.

*Blunt.* Upon myſelf, my Lord, I'll undertake it:
And ſo God give you quiet reſt to Night.

*Richm.* Good Night, good Captain *Blunt.*
Come, Gentlemen.
Let us conſult upon to Morrow's Buſineſs;
Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

*Enter King* Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk *and* Catesby.

K. *Rich.* What is't a Clock?

*Cat.* It's Supper time, my Lord, 'tis nine a Clock.

K. *Rich.* I will not ſup to Night.
Give me ſome Ink and Paper:
What is my Beaver eaſier than it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

*Cat.* It is, my Leige; and all things are in readineſs.

K. *Rich.* Good *Norfolk* hye thee to thy Charge,
Uſe careful Watch, chuſe truſty Centinels.

*Nor.* I go, my Lord.

K. *Rich.* Stir with the Lark to Morrow, gentle *Norfolk.*

*Nor.* I warrant you, my Lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich. Ratcliff.*

*Rat.* My Lord.

K. *Rich.* Send out a Purſuevant at Arms
To *Stanley*'s Regiment; bid him bring his Power
Before Sun-riſing, leſt his Son *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternal Night.
Fill me a Bowl of Wine; give me a Watch:
Saddle white *Surrey* for the Field to-morrow:
Look that my Staves be ſound, and not too heavy,
*Ratcliff*—

*Rat.* My Lord?

K. *Ri.* Saw'ſt thou the melancholy Lord *Northumberland.*

*Rat.* *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey* and himſelf,
Much about Cock-ſhut time, from Troop to Troop
Went through the Army, chearing up the Soldiers.

K. *Rich.* So—I am ſatisfied: give me a Bowl of Wine.
I have not that alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheer of Mind that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is Ink and Paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my Lord.

K. *Rich.* Bid my guard watch. Leave me.

*Rat.*

*Ratcliff*, about the mid of Night come to my Tent.
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say. [*Ex.* Ratcliff.

*Enter* Derby *to* Richmond *in his Tent.*

*Derby.* Fortune and Victory sit on thy Helm.
*Rich.* All comfort that the dark Night can afford,
Be to thy Person, noble Father-in-Law,
Tell me, how fares our noble Mother?
*Derby.* I, by Attorney, bless thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond*'s good:
So much for that. The silent Hours steal on,
And flaky Darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the Season bids us be,
Prepare thy Battle early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to the Arbitrement
Of bloody stroaks, and mortal staring War:
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of Arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest being seen, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Father's Sight.
Farewel; the leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vows of Love.
And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long sundred Friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these Rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.
*Richm.* Good Lords, conduct him to his Regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled Noise, to take a Nap,
Lest leaden Slumbers poize me down to Morrow,
When I should mount with Wings of Victory:
Once more, good Night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.

*Exeunt, Manent* Richmond.

O thou, whose Captain I account my self,
Look on my Forces with a gracious Eye:
Put in their Hands thy bruising Irons of Wrath,
That they may crush down, with a heavy fall,
Th' usurping Helmets of our Adversaries.
Make us thy Ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy Victory:
To thee I do commend my watchful Soul,
Ere I let fall the Windows of mine Eyes:

Sleeping.

Sleeping, and Walking, oh defend me still. [*Sleeps.*

*Enter the Ghost of Prince* Edward, *Son to* Henry *the sixth.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to morrow: [*To* K. *Rich.*

Think how thou stabb'st me in the prime of Youth
At *Tewksbury*; despair therefore and die.
Be chearful, *Richmond*, for the wronged Souls (*To* Richm.
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry*'s issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of* Henry *the sixth.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortal, my anointed Body (*To K.* Rich.
By thee was punched full of holes:
Think on the *Tower*, and me, despair and die.
*Henry* the Sixth bids thee despair and die.
Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror. (*To* Richm.
*Harry*, that prophesied thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of* Clarence.

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to morrow; (*To K.* Rich.
I that was wash'd to death in Fulsom Wine,
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to Death:
To-morrow in the Battle think on me,
And fall thy edgless Sword; despair and die.
Thou Off-spring of the House of *Lancaster* (*To* Richm.
The wronged Heirs of *York* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy Battle, live and flourish.

*Enter the Ghosts of* Rivers, Gray, *and* Vaughan.

*Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to-morrow, (*To* K. Rich.
*Rivers*, that dy'd at *Pomfret*: Despair and die.

*Gray.* Think upon *Gray*, and let thy Soul despair. (*To K.* Rich.

*Vaugh.* Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear (*To* K. Rich.
Let fall thy Launce, despair and die.

*All.* Awake. (*To* Richm.
And think our wrongs in *Richard*'s Bosom
Will conquer. Awake, and win the Day.

*Enter*

*Enter the Ghost of Lord* Hastings.

*Gho.* Bloody and Guilty; guilty, awake; [*T. K. Ric.*
And in a bloody Battle end thy Days,
Think on Lord *Hastings*; despair and die.
Quiet untroubled Soul, awake, awake. [*To* Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England*'s sake.

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy Cousins smother'd in the Tower. [*To K.* Rich.
Let us be laid within thy Bosom, *Richard*,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and death.
Thy Nephews Souls bid thee despair and die.
Sleep *Richmond*, sleep in Peace, and wake in Joy, [*To* Richm.
Good Angels guard thee from the Boar's annoy;
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
*Edward*'s unhappy Sons do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of* Anne *his Wife.*

*Gho. Richard*, thy Wife, that wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That never slept a quiet Hour with thee, [*To K.* Rich.
Now fills thy Sleep with perturbations;
To morrow in the Battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless Sword, despair and die.
Thou quiet Soul, sleep thou a quiet Sleep: [*To* Richm.
Dream of Success, and happy Victory.
Thy Adversary's Wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of* Buckingham.

*Ghost.* The first was I, that help'd thee to the Crown: *To K.* Rich.
The last was I, that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battle think on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy Guiltiness.
Dream on, dream of bloody Deeds and Death,
Fainting despair despairing; yield thy Breath.
I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee Aid; [*To* Richm.
But cheer thy Heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good Angels fight on *Richmond*'s side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his Pride. (*The Ghosts vanish*
(*King* Richard *starts out of his Dream.*

*K. Rich.* Give me another Horse, bind up my Wounds:
Have mercy, *Jesu*—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The Lights burn blue—Is it not dead Midnight?—

Cold fearful Drops stand on my trembling Flesh:
What? do I fear myself? There's none else by,
*Richard* loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer here? No; Yes, I am:
Then fly—what from myself? Great reason; why?
Lest I revenge. What? myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O no. Alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful Deeds committed by myself.
I am a Villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool of thyself speak well—Fool do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand several Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a several Tale,
And every Ta e condemns me for a Villain;
Perjury in the highest degree,
Murther, stern Murther in the dir'st degree,
All several Sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng all to the Bar, crying all, Guilty, guilty.
I shall despair, there is no Creature loves me.
And if I die, no *Soul* shall pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no Pity to myself.
Methought, the Souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
To Morrow's Vengeance on the Head of *Richard*.

*Enter* Ratcliff.

*Rat.* My Lord.

K. *Rich.* Who's there?

*Rat.* *Ratcliff*, my Lord, 'tis I; the early Village Cock
Have twice done Salutation to the Morn;
Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

K. *Rich.* O *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear —

*Rat.* Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadows.

K. *Rich.* By the Apostle *Paul*, Shadows to Night
Have struck more terror to the Soul of *Richard*,
Than can the substance of ten thousand Soldiers
Armed in Proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
'Tis not yet near Day. Come, go with me,
Under our Tents; I'll play the Eaves dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me,

[*Exeunt* K. Richard *and* Ratcliff.

*Enter the Lords to* Richmond *sitting in his Tent.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, *Richmond.*

*Richm.* Cry you mercy, Lords, and watchful Gentle-
That you have ta'en a tardy Sluggard here. [men,

*Lords.* How have you slept, my Lord?

*Richm.* The sweetest Sleep, and fairest boading Dreams,
That ever entered in a drowsy Head,
Have I since your departure had my Lords.
Methought their Souls, whose Bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory.
I promise you my Heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a Dream.
How far into the Morning is it, Lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroak of four.

*Richm.* Why then 'tis time to Arm, and give direction.
More than I have said, loving Countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this,
God, and our good Cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints, and wronged Souls,
Like high rear'd Bulwarks, stand before our Faces.
*Richard* except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in Blood, and one in Blood established;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul Stone, made precious by the foil
Of *England*s Chair, where he is falsely set.
One that hath ever been God's Enemy;
Than if you fight against God's Enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do swear to put a Tyrant down,
You sleep in Peace, the Tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your pains the hire.
If you do fight in safeguard of your Wives,
Your Wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,

Your

Your Child eas Child en qui sit in your Age.
Then in the Name of God and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords,
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corps on the Earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drums and Trumpets boldly, and chearfully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory!

*Enter King* Richard, Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.

*K. Rich.* What said *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond*?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in Arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth; and what said *Surrey* then?

*Rat.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

*K. Rich.* He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the Clock there. [*Clocks strikes.*
Give me a Kalender—who saw the Sun to Day?

*Rat.* Not I, my Lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for, by the Book,
He should have brav'd the East an Hour ago——
A black Day it will be to some body, *Ratcliff.*

*Rat.* My Lord.

*K. Rich.* The Sun will not be seen to day;
The Sky doth frown and lowre upon our Army——
I would these dewy Tears were from the Ground——
Not shine to Day? why what is that to me
More than to *Richmond*; for the self-same Heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

*Enter* Norfolk.

*Norf.* Arm, arm, my Lord, the Foe vaunts in the Field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle—Caparison my Horse.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his Power,
I will lead forth my Soldiers to the Plain,
And thus my Battle shall be ordered,
My Foreward shall be drawn in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
*John* Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas* Earl of *Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main Battle, whose puissance on either side

Shall be well wing'd with our chiefeſt Horſe:
This and St. *George*, what think thou *Norfolk*?
*Nor.* A good Direction, warlike Sovereign.
This found I on my Tent this Morning. [*Giving a Scrowl.*

Jocky *of* Norfolk, *be not ſo bold,* [Reads
*For* Dickon *thy Maſter is bought and ſold.*

K. *Rich.* A thing deviſed by the Enemy,
Go Gentlemen, every Man to his Charge.
Let not our babling Dreams affright our Souls,
For Conſcience is a Word that Cowards uſe,
Deviſ'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong Arms be our Conſcience, Swords our Law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell mell,
If not to Heav'n, then hand in hand to Hell.
What ſhall I ſay more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcals, Run aways,
A ſcum of *Britains*, and baſe Lackey-Peaſants,
Whom their o'er cloyed Country Vomits forth
To deſperate Adventures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt:
You having Lands, and bleſt with beauteous Wives,
They would reſtrain the one, diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in *Britain* at our Mother's Coſt,
A milk-ſop, one that never in his Life
Felt ſo much Cold, as over Shoes in Snow
Let's whip theſe Stragglers o'er the Seas again,
Laſh hence theſe over-weening Rags of *France*,
Theſe famiſh'd Beggars, weary of their Lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond Exploit,
For want of means, poor Rats, had hang'd themſelves.
If we be conquer'd, let Men conquer us,
And not thoſe Baſtard *Britains*, whom our Fathers
Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the Heirs of Shame.
Shall theſe enjoy our Lands? lie with our Wives?
Raviſh our Daughters? [*Drum afar off.*
Hark, I hear their Drum,

Right Gentlemen of *England*, fight boldly, Yeomen,
Draw, Archers, draw your Arrows to the Head.
Spur your proud Horses hard, and ride in Blood,
Amaze the Welkin with your broken Staves,

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his Power?
*Mes*. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
K. *Rich*. Off with his Son *George*'s Head.
*Nor*. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh;
After the Battle let *George Stanley* die.
K. *Rich*. A thousand Hearts are great within my (Bosom
Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes,
Our ancient word of Courage fair St. *George*,
Inspire us with the Spleen of fiery Dragons:
Upon them, Victory sits on our Helms. [*Exeunt*.

*Alarum, Excursions, Enter* Catesby.

*Catesf*. Rescue, my Lord of *Norfolk*, Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more Wonders than a Man,
Daring an opposite to every Danger:
His Horse is slain, and all on Foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of Death:
Rescue, fair Lord, or else the Day is lost.

*Alarum. Enter King* Richard.

K. *Rich*. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.
*Catesf*. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a Horse.
K. *Rich*. Slave I have set my Life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Die:
I think there be six *Richmonds* in the Field,
Five have I slain to Day, instead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

*Alarums. Enter* King Richard *and* Richmond, *they Fight*, Richard *is slain*.

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter* Richmond, Derby *bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.*

*Richm*. God and your Arms be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The Day is ours, the bloody Dog is dead.
*Derby*. Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit [thee:
Lo, here these long usurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,

Have

Have I pluckt off, to grace thy Brows withal,
Wear it, and make use of it.

*Richm.* Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is young *George Stanley* living?

*Derby.* He is my Lord, and safe in *Leicester* Town;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of Note are slain on either Side?

*Derby.* *John* Duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* Lord *Ferris*,
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon*

*Richm.* Inter their Bodies as becomes their Births,
Proclaim a Pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in Submission will return to us:
And then as we have ta'en the *Sacrament*,
We will unite the White Rose, and the Red,
*S*mile Heav'n upon this fair Conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their Enmity:
What Traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
*England* hath long been mad, and scar'd her self,
The Brother blindly shed the Brother's Blood;
The Father rashly slaughter'd his own *Son*;
The *Sons*, compell'd, been Butchers to the *Sire*:
All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,
Divided in them dire Division.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true *Succeeders* of each Royal House,
By God's fair Ordinance, conjoin together:
And let their Heirs, God, if thy Will be so,
Enrich the time to come, with smooth fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and fair prosperous Days.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody Days again,
And make good *England* weep in streams of Blood.
Let them not live to taste this Land's increase,
That would with Treason wound this fair Land's Peace.
Now Civil Wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say, Amen. [*Exeunt.*

*F I N I S.*